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THE CHURCH, THE ABIDING MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST.

THERE is one difference between the Catholic and the Protestant modes of worship which is eminently characteristic of the two creeds. We Catholics believe that Christ is really and truly present in the Church, not only under the sacramental guise, in every material temple in which the Holy Eucharist is kept, but also in His Spirit and power, in the spiritual Church, which He guides in all her ways, and makes His visible, abiding presence on earth. This faith imparts peculiar solemnity and impressiveness to all her public devotions, and gives to her prayers that remarkable force and expressiveness which partly remains, even when uttered by a Protestant sect which has rejected the faith that inspired them. But the religious services of Protestantism are either merely commemorative of Christ, or expressive of the hope that He will bless "those here assembled." The idea that Christ is so intimately present to the Church, that she forms one with Him,* is to a Prot-

estant, unintelligible. His idea of the Church is a gathering of men to worship God, hear a sermon, from which he is free to dissent, sing a hymn, and then solemnly retire to the tune of a grand march played by a first-class organist.

If the minister (who generally preaches "On the Delights of Friendship," or "What I Saw in Texas," or "Two Political Rings," or "Romanism in America"), condescends to preach on the gospel, he views Christ only under the historical aspect. He talks about Him, much after the manner of a biographer. Between Christ and himself exactly eighteen hundred and seventy-one years intervene. He goes into calculations to fix the precise date of the birth and the death of our Lord. He tells the congregation the number of miracles wrought by Christ, number of sermons preached, probable number of souls converted, number of square miles in Galilee, and so forth. He explains the meaning of proverbial expressions made use of by Christ "to accommodate Himself to the rude minds

* Eph. 4.

of His hearers," and, if he wishes to be astonishingly learned, he traces many of Christ's sayings to the Talmudic writings, the Cabala, to Confucius, and other Chinese sages. He speaks gushingly of the great impetus given by Christ to the "good which is in humanity;" of faith, justification, and sanctification in and through Him alone; of His peculiar personality and divinity; words and phrases which leave rather undefined impressions on the mind of a hearer unacquainted with the "peculiar" meaning which the minister attaches to them. He regards Christ as one whose mission and ministry ended with His mortal life. He deems absurd the idea that Christ is continuing in the world to-day, His mission and offices, as truly and as efficaciously as when He spoke from the mount, forgave the sins of the paralytic, or died on the cross. Even if he believes in His divinity, he, nevertheless, scouts such a notion.

But to the Church, Christ is not a mere historic personage who lived and died so many centuries ago; whose life has long since merged into the ever-flowing tide of all human life. No, He lives forever in the Church. All her services point to Him as real, living, present. She makes the circling seasons tell the story of His life, so that year by year, we worship at His crib, listen to His teachings, follow Him in His sufferings, weep at His tomb, rejoice in His resurrection, and gaze upon Him ascending. And if, like the Christians of St. John Chrysostom's day, we are at times inclined to say: "Ah! that we had lived in His day, had touched His robe or kissed His feet, or felt His hand in

benediction upon our heads," we console ourselves with the faith of the saint: "Lo, He is in the Church. Through her he still speaks to us, still blesses us. She is His abiding Epiphany upon the earth."

This faith in the perpetuation of Christ's mission in the Church is in full harmony with the conception of His divinity. It is in beautiful accord with our idea of His infinite love for men, that He devised a plan by which He could always remain with us, not only as our Food, as the Bread whereof he that eats shall not taste death,* but also as our Teacher, Saviour, Guide, Shepherd, Priest, King, and Lawgiver. The Church, for which He died that He might make it wholly pure and spotless, must image Him far more perfectly than the material universe which is strewn with traces of His presence and power. It is a characteristic of all the divine works, that they thus reflect their Creator. The imprint of the creative hand lies clear and broad upon the face of the whole earth. The divine wisdom is revealed in the exquisite order and harmony that prevail in the creation; in the unswerving precision with which countless planets perform their revolutions; in the careful adjustment of means to ends which the economy of creation manifests. God's omnipotence is faintly seen in the mighty convulsions that sometimes shake His worlds; in the potent sway of the wind and sea currents which He at times sets free. His bounty is shown in the copious largesses of light and life and happiness in which His entire creation rejoices. His infinite beauty gleams in the beauties of animate and in-

* John 6.

animate life, in the splendors of the day, and the glories of the night. Profounder revelations of Him are furnished by the human soul which He made in His image and likeness, and which, in its simplicity and threefold power, shadows forth the Trinity of Persons subsisting in the one divine nature.

So is it fair to infer that the Church, the greatest of His works in the spiritual order, is filled with His presence. We naturally look for fuller manifestations of Him in the spiritual than in the material creation, because, being a spirit, He is best seen in His spiritual works. If the heavens show forth His power and the earth reveals His handiwork, the Church also should evidence that the hand which made her is divine. If the sea lifts up its voice of many waters in testimony to its Creator's majesty, the Church should, far more clearly, reveal Him to men. If the sun is so manifestly His work that He calls it His throne, her setting forth of His royalty and glory should be correspondingly great.

So it is. No object in the material world bears so direct a relation to Him as she. When the young earth lay before Him, in all its primal loveliness, He pronounced it good. When He created the Church and dowered her with her prerogatives and powers, her beauty moved Him to call her His bride. So perfect is her union with Him that her voice and acts are His. No mere handmaid, she; but His vicegerent and representative; Himself still in the world.

The limited space given us in a magazine article, prevents us from considering more than three of the

offices or functions of Christ which are perpetuated in the Church, viz., His priestly, teaching, and redemptorial offices. The Church has succeeded Him as the priest, teacher, and Saviour of the human race.

We find the Church's perpetuation of Christ's priesthood foretold by the Psalmist: "Thou art a priest *forever*, according to the order of Melchisedech."* The mention of the Priest-King of Salem recalls the character of his sacrifice which is described in Genesis 14. Abraham, returning victor from war, is met by Melchisedech, who, "because he was a priest of the Most High God," offered bread and wine in sacrifice. This oblation typified the Eucharistic sacrifice of that Priest according to the Melchisedechian rite, who, on the night of His betrayal, took bread and wine, blessed, and gave them to His disciples, saying: "Take, eat, drink; this is my body, this is my blood." But as the Psalmist declares that He is a priest of Melchisedech's order *forever*, so was it necessary that He should, for all time, offer the selfsame sacrifice of bread and wine, changed into His body and blood. We find Him accordingly associating his Apostles with Himself in His eternal priesthood, and commanding them to do what He had done, to offer sacrifice as He had offered it, forever, or, as St. Paul says, to show forth in this sacrifice the death of the Lord, until He come.† Christ, therefore, in the person of His Apostles and their successors, was to stand forever at the altar of the Church, and from the rising to the going down

* Ps. 109.

† Cor. 11.

of the sun, to offer a pure oblation to His Eternal Father.* Day by day the Church was to ascend the altar of God and bless the chalice of benediction, which is the communion of the blood of Christ, and break the bread, which is a partaking of the body of the Lord.† Day by day, Christ, priest, and victim fulfils His pontifical function in the Church, by changing the bread into the body which was given for us, and the wine into the blood which was shed for the remission of sins.‡

Christ, the Priest, thus offering daily sacrifice in the Church, gives to His Eucharistic sacrifice all the properties of the one He made on Calvary, except that as now “risen He dieth no more,” His death is mystic, His oblation unbloody. But in both sacrifices the same blood is poured out for us; the same victim pleads for us. Like the sacrifice on Calvary, the Mass is propitiatory, not in this sense, that any new price is paid for our redemption, different from that paid on the Cross; but in this sense, that the blood which was then spilled for the sins of men is again offered in the chalice, whilst its saving efficacy is applied to our souls.

The second office which Christ continues through His Church, is that of the teacher of men. She has taken His place on earth as our doctor and instructor in all spiritual things. A leading object of His mission was the instruction of the whole human family. He could not visibly remain with us forever, so He gave this mission to the Church. “As the Father sent me, so I send you. Going, therefore,

teach all nations.”* She was thus appointed His representative, and invested with full power to teach and expound His doctrines and laws. Through her ministry, His Gospel was to be preached to every creature. No matter in what century or land he lives, a man can place himself in full, direct communication with Christ the teacher, if he can but hear the Church; for hearing her, he hears the Lord.† In the excess of His love for us, he bestowed upon the Church the Spirit that would teach her all truth.‡ Gathered together in council, her prelates have His assurance that He is in the midst of them.§ But with that tender, wise foresight which He shows in all His dealings with us, He bestowed upon one of His Apostles, the chief of them all, special gifts of teaching and guiding. He saw that, in the nature of things, general councils could not hold perpetual session, nor be assembled without difficulty and delay, particularly at times when their action was most necessary; so He constituted St. Peter, and in Peter each of his successors, an ever-present tribunal of doctrine and discipline. He made him the universal doctor of the Church, the pastor over the whole flock.|| In this way He provided a teacher to whom the faithful in all ages might have recourse, as to the confirmer of their faith.¶

Like Christ, the Church teaching is visible. He taught His truths orally. His faith comes by hearing.** He said nothing about “interior lights” which illumine men’s

* John 20; Matt. 28. † Luke 10. ‡ John 14.
§ Matt. 18. || John 21. ¶ Luke 22.

** Rom. 10.

* Mal. 1.

† 1 Cor. 10.

‡ Luke 22.

minds in His doctrines: He never spoke about "internal words" or "seeds," or the Spirit, as the manner or instrument of instructing men in His Gospel. His doctrines were to be preached. His Church, the guardian and upholder of His law, was to be the light—the city seated on a hill, the house built on the rock of Peter, a visible man, speaking to men.* For a similar reason, the manner of the Church's teaching was to be by word of mouth. Christ wrote no books, nor did He even counsel His Apostles to write them. Preaching was the way He appointed. This was the plan adapted to all conditions of men, and consequently adopted by Him who was the teacher of all men. The idea that He intended that men should learn His doctrine from a book is a grievous insult to His infinite wisdom. Such a mode of teaching would limit the usefulness of His ministry to the learned few, and these would be liable to wrest the silent, dead writing to their own destruction. No; His teaching Church succeeded Him as the teacher of men. Like Him, she *speaks* to the multitudes, and her *words* are the words of eternal life.

As Christ's teaching was infallible, so is that of the Church. It could not be otherwise, seeing that she is the continuer of His teaching mission. Like Him she is also one, mysteriously showing forth in the divine and the human elements that compose her, the two natures which unite in the Person of the Word. She is Catholic, not only because she exists in all ages and nations, but also because, like her

Founder, she teaches all truth, is sent to all men, and prays for and blesses all the children of men, even those without her pale, Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, and Pagan.

The third office which Christ perpetuates in the Church, is His redemptorial or saving mission. He has made the Church the dispenser and almoner of all His spiritual benefits. He has appointed her mistress of all external graces. Through His sacraments, the administrations of which He has confided to her, He sanctifies men. It is her hand that pours the baptismal water which washes away the original stain. She, by this sacrament, opens to men the door of Christ's fold, bestows upon them His inheritance, and gives them a right to participate in all His blessings. In the chrism of Confirmation, wherewith she signs the baptized, He imparts His Spirit of knowledge and piety, strength and constancy, wisdom and holy fear. She gives Him really present in the Holy Communion. She, by His appointment and authority, absolves our sins as truly and as efficaciously as He Himself absolved the sins of the Magdalen, or of the penitent thief. Her absolution is no mere declaration or exhortation, but it is a truly judicial act, a pardon properly so-called, a valid, efficacious remission of sin. Such was His care for us, such His desire to bring to us full assurance of sin forgiven that He bestowed this great power upon men: nay, such was His humility and condescension that He has made his own pardon of our offences dependent and conditional upon their remission by the Church: "Whose sins you shall *have* forgiven, shall be

* Matt. 16; Ib. 5.

forgiven.”* In Extreme Unction, He stands by our death-bed, to anoint us with the oil of gladness and strength, to purify us yet more from our iniquities and cleanse us from our sins, that being in nothing defiled, we may enter into eternal rest. He has also made over to St. Peter and his successors, the keys of His kingdom.† His priceless merits and those of the saints are under their keeping. Out of this overflowing treasury Peter bestows spiritual blessings upon the poor and needy of his Lord’s flock. Even His departed children that are no longer capable of availing themselves of these indulgences, are not, on this account, wholly removed from the sphere of the Church’s gracious ministration. She pleads with her spouse for their relief, and places in the hands of her children, ways and means of aiding their deceased and suffering brethren.

Thus does the Church supply the place of Christ on earth. In her He is always on earth, going about doing good, performing miracles, fulfilling the work to which the Father appointed Him. Any view of the Christian Church which does not take in this idea of the abiding presence and working of Christ in the Church, is plainly out of harmony with the teachings of Scripture and reason’s own conception of the way in which Christ would carry out the scope and plan of His great mission. But as such a view of the Christian Church is a direct condemnation of the sects, which have separated from her as idolatrous and unclean, we are not surprised to find the majority of

the Protestant creeds teaching the invisibility of Christ’s Church, or reducing her to a mere society with nothing divine or supernatural in her composition.

It is objected to this Catholic view of the Church, that it thrusts the Church between the sinner and his Saviour. The sinner must go to a priest to get absolution. His salvation is made to depend upon his fellowship with the Church. The Church makes him pray after a set form. She will not let him interpret his Bible. She interferes, legislates, meddles in all a man’s relations with his Creator. Such interference contradicts the “free gospel scheme of salvation to all that ask it. It does violence to plain texts of Scripture which promise salvation to all in Christ Jesus, without money or price, mass books, holy water, rosaries, or such like mummary.”

To this we may answer, that if there is any “thrusting” of the Church between the sinner and the Saviour, it is Christ himself that “thrusts,” for it was He that founded her, and constituted her the guardian and teacher of His doctrines, and the “dispenser of the mysteries of God.”* If the absolution of sin depends on the conditions He established, the sinner, if he has any love for his Saviour, will comply with them. If she will not let him interpret the Bible contrary to her mind, it is because Christ has made *her* not the sinner or the Bible, the judge and interpreter of His doctrines. If she legislates, interferes, and decides in all a man’s relations with his Creator, it is because the Creator

* John 20; Matt. 18.

† Matt. 16.

* 1 Cor. 4.

has declared that He will be with her all days; that hearing her we hear Him, that refusing to hear her likens us to the heathen that knoweth not God. The Gospel plan of salvation is the plan marked out by Christ when He made His Church the pillar and the ground of truth, His organ and mouth-piece, His bride, His body, Himself, in a word, manifested through her to all peoples and lands forever.

The denial of the abiding presence of Christ in the Holy Church explains the shallow meagre Christology which Protestantism teaches. By limiting His mission to the three and thirty years of His earthly life, and teaching that the Bible has replaced Him as the Teacher, it has immeasurably belittled His power and majesty. We do not wonder that the faith in His divinity is yearly becoming fainter among the sects; that Unitarianism and Spiritism grow apace, or that biographies of Christ are written by ministers, who ignore the orthodox conception of His divinity, whilst speaking sentimentally of the influence

which His great life has exerted on all men who, "*like Him*, feel the divinity within them." It is a sad, humiliating thought that men like Carlyle and Renan are for modern Protestantism what Luther and Calvin were for the ancient. The latter, with all their errors and vices, held fast to the cardinal Christian doctrine of the proper divinity of the Lord Jesus; whilst the former with their "hero worship" and their "sublime lives," are in truth, sneering antichrists.

But the Church, in which He dwells all days, will forever cleave to her spouse in a bond which neither man nor demon can put asunder. Peter's confession of faith in His godhead is uttered to-day by Peter's successor, in as clear, firm tones as when it came from the grace-illuminated soul of the Prince of the Apostles. She, who represents Him as the Priest, Teacher, and Saviour of the human race, will never cease offering her pure oblation, teaching His law, and scattering the blessings of His redemption upon the world.

TIME.

O THE dark days of vanity! while here;
 How tasteless and how terrible when gone.
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
 The spirit walks of every day deceased,
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns,
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
 And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordained,—
 Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was night, the great city still. The echo of hurrying feet had died away, and the moonlight was falling on a house, under whose roof one heart was throbbing with a sorrow too deep for tears.

The clock on the stairs had struck hour after hour, and Marion Gray, after trying in vain to sleep, rose at last, and pressing her face against the window-pane, stood for awhile gazing into the quiet night. Then she clasped her hands, and her lips were tremulous with whispered prayers, as with soft tread she passed from the room and along the moonlit corridor until she paused at a door, which she opened cautiously, for there her child was sleeping.

The dimpled hands were stretched above Eva's curly head; the little white teeth just peeped from beneath the red lips; and as the mother pressed a kiss upon the broad white brow, the child murmured her name.

Then Marion knelt down by the little bed, her lips quivering, her eyes filling; and covering her face with her hands, the agonized prayer went up to God, "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me."

It was a fearful struggle. The choice had been given her, either to renounce her religious faith, or home and her child; and her decision had been made. Every preparation was completed, and the last night had come for her in the handsome and luxurious home to which

James Gray had brought her as his bride five years before.

He had been very good to her during those five years—stern, proud man though he was—until the change in her faith had made this breach between them.

Never did man live who had a more deeply-rooted hatred of the Catholic Church and its teachings than James Gray. If Marion persisted in her adherence to it, she was no longer his wife save in name—no longer fit to act as a mother to her child; so he had said.

Something of this Marion had foreseen when she told her secret. She knew it would bring her sorrow—*might* bring separation from those she best loved; but there was no room for choice; it must be "God first," and he would not lay upon her more than she could bear. So she accepted her husband's decision without a word of reproach, although her face told something of the secret agony she had passed through.

Now the parting with Eva had come. When the child awoke, Marion would be gone. This was the last time she should watch that innocent, sleeping face; and who would make up to the little one for the absence of her mother?

Money would surround her with comfort, friends might be numerous and kind, yet Eva would want "mamma"—call for her and cry for her many a day and night until she was forgotten.

Ah! in that lay the sharpest sting of the separation—in the certainty that her own child would soon forget her.

But there was still the possibility of retracting; she might yet spare herself this heart-wrench. But directly she pressed down and crushed the rising temptation.

The footprints of Jesus are in the narrow path of suffering; Marion's head must bend to meet its crown of thorns; for far above the rough, steep heights shone out the promise which lured her onward: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The struggle ended then. All earthly longing and regret were laid down at the foot of the Cross, and Marion grew calmer as she stooped to kiss once more the sleeping child.

"Mary, my Mother and hers, to you I commend her. Keep her for me," she whispered.

Once more Eva murmured "Mamma," as if in a dream; and then Marion Gray went back to her solitary room to wait for the morning.

Her eyes wandered round, resting upon its comforts, every article of use and ornament having a history of its own—some association connected with her married life. It was here that Eva had been put into her arms, a tiny, feeble thing, the touch of whose velvet fingers had roused the depth of mother-love in Marion's heart, when the child's father had bent proudly over the little one, blessing God for his gift.

From this room a little coffin had been carried not long before, where-in they had lain their second-born child. Bitter tears had been shed

when Marion looked her last upon the tiny marble face. *Now* she could say, "It is well."

Later still, that room had been the scene of many a stormy mental conflict, many a torturing vigil, where—first of all reluctantly, but so irresistibly—she had been led on, through a maze of doubts and difficulties and disbelief, to God's truth.

Here, too, had been that interview with her husband, when he had turned from her with anger, and bidden her know well her mind and understand the consequences that would follow her persistence in "the delusion," as he termed it, that had come upon her.

Time had been given her before the final decision, which should either reunite or separate them. It had come to an end, and Mr. Gray's face was inexorable as he heard her say calmly that she could not give up her faith. So she was going. In the early morning she had arranged to leave her home, before Eva was up or the household stirring.

The long night passed away, and the first faint streaks of light appeared in the east, a deepening tinge all over the sky, and then the sun shone out brilliantly, heralding a glorious summer day. Just then the servant who was to attend her on her journey tapped at the door, to remind her mistress that it was morning—that in less than an hour the carriage that was to take her away would be at the door.

By and by there was a sound of wheels grating on the gravelled carriage-way, and boxes were carried down quietly. Marion waited with throbbing heart, for she heard her husband's step along the corri-

dor. He was coming, then! And she sank trembling upon a seat, to wait the bitter words that *might* be spoken.

But in silence he entered; in silence he kissed her, and looked into the clear eyes that met his own. For a moment their expression overcame him, and he turned away; then recovering himself, he led her down the stairs, and putting her into the carriage, turned back into his deserted home.

The sun was high in the heavens as Marion Gray drew near the quiet little village where she intended to stay awhile. All the way she was thinking of Eva, wondering if the child was looking for her; whether she was happy. Her heart was very sad, and yet there was in it no shadow of turning back. She had entered upon the path of the Cross, and there must be neither faltering nor failing there.

Who can picture the lonely days, the still more sorrowful nights, of her solitude? the waking from troubled dreams—always of home and Eva? the torture of each morning's thoughts? the first indistinct recollection of something dreadful? the struggle to remember? and then the full realization of the sorrow that pressed so heavily upon her?

Meanwhile the little Eva was gradually reconciling herself to her changed life, like all young children. When she awoke the first day to find "mamma gone," she had cried bitterly, but smiled as quickly at the new toys that were put before her. She had called the familiar name as they carried her down to the room where her father was waiting to see her, and tears

came as she noted the vacant place. Many a night the little creature had sobbed herself to sleep, crying for her mother; and when he heard these things, Mr. Gray grew sterner and paler, for his mind was ill at ease. He had said that no affection for his wife should make him "sacrifice his principles;" but he began to see that he had sacrificed the happiness of her whom he had been bound to love and protect; and for the first time in his life the proud James Gray began to question the wisdom of the step he had taken.

And he had never known how deep and strong was his love for Marion until now she was gone from him. He could not bear to see the familiar rooms deserted which she had filled with her bright presence. Sometimes he almost expected to hear her voice welcome him, as she had always done after ever so short an absence. And then he recalled the fact that she was gone—gone by his own act; and it seemed to him that his wretchedness was more than he could bear. He would put Eva under the care of a relative, and shut up Beechfield to rid himself of its haunting memories.

CHAPTER II.

"It is really an unaccountable thing for Marion to take up these notions," said Mrs. Danvers to her husband, one morning as they were seated at the breakfast-table, discussing the contents of a letter that had just arrived. "I presume she will not expect to be on the same terms with her friends as before. It is impossible; not to be thought of. I really do not see how James

could have acted differently; and yet I certainly feel sorry for her, very sorry indeed. Ah these Catholics! they make dreadful separations in families. I always feared what Marion's High-Church notions would carry her to, and my fears are realized. She is taken from her home, and child, and husband!"

Mr. Danvers was silent. In his own mind he considered that "the Catholics" were not wholly the cause of the separation, but he dared not say so. The secret of Mr. Danvers' calm passage over the matrimonial sea, for a good many years, lay in the fact of his entire acquiescence in his wife's opinions, of whatever kind they might be; and in the present instance he did not feel that it would be either safe or advisable to depart from his established rule.

"James says that he shall shut up his house; he can't live in that great place alone," said Mrs. Danvers, referring again to the letter she held in her hand. "He wants me to receive little Eva and her nurse for a time. It will be rather troublesome; children make such a difference in the house. Yet I don't well know how I could refuse, and it is very natural that James should wish her to be here. However, he is coming to dinner to-day to talk it all over."

And Mrs. Danvers rustled away to a solemn conference with the cook relative to her brother's entertainment.

Mrs. Danvers was a little woman considered physically, but full-sized as regarded strength of will and opinion; not unkindly, so long as she was not opposed; entering very

heartily into plans for other persons' comfort or happiness, so long as they would resign themselves to her hands and be managed. That was the secret. Mrs. Danvers was a "managing woman," as her husband had found out in the very early days succeeding their marriage. A few contests there had been, in which he had been invariably worsted; and then he learnt to "take it aisy," and thenceforth and forever resign himself to her governance. There were those who congratulated him on the "treasure" he had secured in his clever active wife; there were those who shrugged their shoulders, and spoke contemptuously in private of "poor Danvers," saying that he was henpecked.

But strong as were all the opinions held by Mrs. Danvers, there was one point on which she was more assured than any other, and this was in her positive certainty that there was no salvation apart from the Baptist chapel she and her husband attended, or of course other of the same style and kind.

Perhaps in saying "no salvation" I have gone a point too far; for, although being very sure that heaven would be mainly composed of Baptists, with a thin layer of the representatives of other dissenting bodies, she would reluctantly admit that there *might* be here and there a member of the Church of England, even one of the considerably advanced; but a *Romanist* never! There could be but one place for such idolaters; so that Mrs. Danvers had no hesitation in deciding her sister-in-law's future state, unless it was possible to rescue her, before it was too late, from the

downward path into which she had been beguiled. Therefore her concern for the safety of little Eva was not surprising, nor was it strange she should feel such an entire approbation of the step her brother had taken in banishing Marion.

Mrs. Danvers and her brother had been brought up in the most strict old-fashioned way of religious dissent. Sunday was to them the dreariest day of the week. As soon as they were dressed in the morning, they were sat down, Catechism in hand, to commit a given portion to memory before breakfast. Then there were hymns, and texts, and commandments to repeat, until the time when they were taken to the chapel, to listen to the minister disentangling knotty theological points, or settling the destination of the heathen, and other instructive and enlightening topics; during which the younger part of the congregation indulged in sleep, from which they were with difficulty roused by jerks, and frowns, and admonitions from their parents, who enjoyed "the discourse." Small wonder that the prospect held out to them of it "being always Sunday in heaven" seemed dreary, and James Gray in his very juvenile days had declared his wish not to go there. Since then, although he did not carry out the rigid rule of his parents, he professed, as his sister did, a determined opinion that religious truth and the Baptist creed were synonymous, and it was thought a very serious case of backsliding by the members of his church when he married Marion Rivers, who boldly averred herself one of the most ad-

vanced of the Anglican Church party.

Perhaps each had thought to win the other to their particular view; but it was not possible, and for a long time there had been a tacit agreement to take their different ways in silence, and grieve over their divided feelings in secret. Notwithstanding this, Mr. and Mrs. Gray had lived happily together in so far as all else was concerned. Eva was yet too young for any difficulty as to her religious education to arise, and each one, in thinking of it, endeavored to put off the evil day of discussion. But as Marion struggled on towards the light, nearer and nearer, until with one bright vivid illumination from the Holy Spirit she saw that the Roman Church alone is the one true Church of God, a great insurmountable barrier grew up between them, which, when she declared her changed belief, resulted in the separation from those she best loved.

The news made a profound sensation at the Baptist chapel James Gray went to. They alluded to it in public and in private. The minister improved the occasion in a sermon of warning to his flock against the insidious advances of the enemy of souls, and all agreed with Mrs. Danvers that Mr. Gray could not have acted differently; and he was raised to a martyr's place in their esteem, as one who had given up his nearest and dearest for the truth. It never occurred to them how much was attributable to his inflexible will, which would not take back the sentence spoken in the heat of passion.

"Afflictions come not out of the ground," said Mrs. Berry, the min-

ister's wife, who waylaid him outside the chapel on the occasion of his first appearance there after the exciting news had become public.

"I trust you are able to feel resigned under this heavy dispensation. I have a very sweet little book at home I will send you, and you know we shall *all* pray for the poor wanderer, that she may be brought back to the fold. You *know* this, my dear friend," repeated Mrs. Berry, grasping Mr. Gray convulsively by the hand.

He thanked her with a silent bow; he had no words ready. It hurt his pride to stand there marked out for comment and sympathy; it hurt him that Marion, his Marion, should be prayed for, and spoken of as a "poor wanderer." It was with a feeling of disgust that he escaped to his home, and shutting himself in his library, refused to be seen by one of the friends who besieged the door—even Mr. Berry himself, bearing the "sweet little book," which was brought in with that gentleman's "Christian regards and sympathy."

Next day Beechfield was shut up, and James Gray out of town; so the answer was to all inquiries.

Mrs. Danvers shook her head mysteriously, and whispered, "My poor brother!—crushed by this blow, my dear, utterly crushed," when she was questioned.

Little Eva cried bitterly when first she was introduced to the strange rooms and strange faces surrounding her at her aunt's; but she grew used to the change, and was won over by the gifts of sweetmeats, and dolls, and playthings that came like rain upon her. Every one who went to the Baptist

chapel—every one, that is, on visiting terms with Mrs. Danvers—came to see the little one and weep over her, bearing some token of commiseration for her deserted state which she was capable of appreciating.

There was much less excitement amidst Mrs. Gray's former High-Church friends. "Another gone over," they would say, looking round as if to decide who would be the next to pass the Rubicon, and leave the shadows of truth for the truth itself. And so with them it was but a nine days' wonder, and not so very great a wonder either.

CHAPTER III.

A week or so had passed since Mrs. Gray had left her home. For the first few days she had moved and spoken like one stunned by some crushing weight of trouble; but gradually the sharpness of pain was softening into a quieter sorrow, and she was outwardly so calm, that no stranger could have guessed how fierce an ordeal she was passing through.

Was she, then, forgetting? Ah, no, else she had not turned away with a stifled sob as some glimpse of sunny curls and bright eyes awoke the deep longing of her heart for Eva, as some sweet baby voice recalled the ringing laugh of the little one so far away. Had she forgotten, there would not have been the torturing dreams, the sorrowful awakening, and the sleepless tearful vigils that made her cheeks grow pale and her eyes dim. No, Marion was not forgetting. The natural habit of her mind was to be quiet and self-controlled; and then,

she was learning at the foot of the Cross that best of lessons—to endure.

The days went by in the unchanging monotony of sorrow. It was a quiet little village by the sea-shore which Marion had chosen as a temporary home until she was able with some calmness to plan wisely for her future.

Just a little way from the sea, there had been built a small Catholic church only a few years before; yet during that short time it had brought changes and blessings to the village.

There was still ignorance and prejudice, indifference and vice there; but not a few of those who once paid no reverence to Sunday, but passed it in a more godless manner even than other days, might now be seen kneeling at the Holy Sacrifice, not only on Sundays, but on many other mornings too. Marion spent hours in that little church. When her trouble pressed most heavily, it rested her to go into the Presence of our Lord, who knew how hard it was to bear, and telling her grief to him, listen for his voice, which should speak peace to her heart.

When the day drew near its close, Marion would go down to the shore, and watch the sun as it sank lower, lower, slowly, and more slowly, until suddenly it was gone; and then the hills stood out clearer and darker, and next grew shadowy and indistinct, as the last lingering streak of crimson faded, and the gray sky deepened into night; then sea and sky seemed one, and all was hushed and still. So, with her thoughts raised to God and His almighty love by the calm soothing

of nature, Marion would go quietly back home to pray.

One night, when she returned, a letter was waiting for her. It was not a frequent occurrence, for, after the first angry protest against her faith had been written by all her friends, they left her alone: argument, remonstrance, invective, and persuasion being alike useless, they had given her up as past cure, so letters came no more. So Marion was surprised to recognize the handwriting of an aunt, who had only just heard of her isolation, and had written directly to her.

“I do not profess the Catholic faith,” she said; “I prefer my own broad free views; but, Marion, if you love it, *keep to it*, for it is a grand noble faith, and has sweetness for wounded hearts. If all turn from you, never care; go on quietly and firmly, and, by and by, those very ones may bend before you. Why did you not come straight to me? I am alone, and you are alone; why can we not be together?”

Why not? Marion mused over it far into the night, and next day a letter was written to say in a week she would be at Woodbridge. So once more she was travelling farther and farther from her rightful home,—this time alone, for she sent back her maid to London.

Marion wanted to fall in with the simple ways of her aunt’s little household as she had done in happy childish days, and she would not really need a personal attendant there.

So Lucy went back to the half-deserted house, where part of the servants were still retained, to report that Mrs. Gray “was just fret-

ting herself to death for Miss Eva; she grew paler and thinner every day; and when she was dead and buried, master would have to answer for it."

The domestic mind was unanimous in blaming Mr. Gray for the recent occurrences which had so entirely disturbed the household. They declared they "had no patience with him. If Mrs. Gray liked to be a Catholic, why should she not please herself? She was the nicest lady that ever breathed, and a deal kinder than master."

It was midday when Marion reached Woodbridge. Hardly a cloud to be seen, only flecks of softest white crossing the blue sky; there was a soft whispering breeze stirring the leaves of the tall trees; the busy hum of insects, the sweet singing of the birds, all spoke of gladness, and the little village looked its best and brightest as if to welcome her. And yet the very brilliancy of the day made her sad. Marion's was not one of those simple sorrows that exhaust themselves, which are forgotten as the emotion passes, and are displaced by newer images being impressed upon the mind; besides, she could not but contrast her present coming to Woodbridge with her last visit just before her marriage. Everything seemed the same, as if those five years had been as five days, as far as regarded any outward change; and yet she herself so altered. When she had bidden her aunt good-bye, and looking back to the little rose-wreathed cottage had waved her hand in farewell, with face bright as was the hope in her heart, the future had seemed to be gloriously happy. Surely they

were mistaken who said life was sad, and troubles would surely come; so she had thought in those days of unclouded brightness.

Only five years, and she had come back to Woodbridge with the glow all faded from her horizon! When looking forward, it seemed that she must always be content to walk now in the cold gray shadows of life; its sunshine was not for her. She had made her trial of its allurements, and she had failed in the trying. But only as far as this life is concerned. Weak as her trust might sometimes be, tremblingly and falteringly as she trod the rough path of sorrow, the faith was hidden securely in her heart which whispered of hope and reward, even when the clouds seemed most threatening and the storm most heavy.

It eased her heart to talk of Eva. At first she had shrunk from speaking her name; but after the first allusion, which had seemed to touch the hidden spring, and made her lips tremble, and her eyes suffuse with tears, the chord of sympathy had been struck, and she never wearied of talking of her darling. So the fount of her sorrow was opened, and she was better for it.

Through the medium of her husband's solicitor, she heard occasionally that the child was well and happy. Not a word came from Mrs. Danvers; for to her Marion was as much lost as if the grass had been growing over her; "Better if it had been so," she would say sometimes.

Meantime, Mr. Gray lived a life of perfect misery. He had left the house which he thought aroused the memory of his wife, which he

would gladly have crushed; but he found it was not in the house, but in his heart, and he could not escape it. Go where he might—in the business of life, with all its engrossing cares, in the silence of night, waking or in fitful troubled dreams—he seemed haunted by the sorrowful expression of her eyes, as they had rested on him when they had parted. His friends and business acquaintances noted the change that came over him; some pitied, some blamed, but all agreed that he was a miserable man.

Once he had travelled down to Woodbridge. Not to seek a meeting with his wife—O, no! he could not have borne that and yet kept inflexible in his decision—only just to have a glimpse of her, to see for himself how she was looking, whether her sorrow was killing her, as her maid had reported it would do. But he did not know how to manage it. From inquiries he made at the little country inn where he lodged during his brief stay—inquiries which had been so hard to make with an unmoved face and unfaltering voice—he heard that the ladies at Elm Cottage rarely went beyond the garden; only that one, the visitor from London, who looked so ill, poor thing, went every day over the fields to the little church the Catholics had built, which was a good step for her to go.

He *must* see her; that he determined. He had not taken a journey of so many miles to be disappointed. Rather than that, he would even go inside the church, although he would have made a vow, not long before, that nothing in life would ever cause him to set foot in such a place.

And so he did. A strange unaccountable feeling came over him as he stepped inside the doorway. Only a few poor country-folks were there, for it was evidently too soon for the commencement of their service. It was very quiet and still, and as Mr. Gray looked round, he fancied how Marion might come there to weep out all her grief, and get peace and rest. Its hush and silence might give that, he acknowledged.

He sat down in the darkest corner, where he thought he might best pass unobserved, and almost directly a quiet footstep sounded at his side. Some one was coming close to him, and the thrill that went through his heart told him it was Marion even before he glanced towards her. Next minute she was kneeling almost within his reach, but slightly in advance, so that as she drew back her veil, he saw her face. O, how changed, how sad, how white! *That* the bright blooming girl whom he had promised to love and protect while life should last? And he was killing her! Yes, he seemed to see it all now—all his pride and cruel sternness, and what might come of it.

His misery was more than he could bear just then. With noiseless tread he left the little church, went back over the sunny fields to the village, settled with the landlady at the country inn, and was off back to London, to try and banish from his mind the changed face he had looked on that day.

The next time he took his usual seat in the Baptist chapel, he felt somewhat of a culprit. Had the good people there present known of that secret visit to a Catholic

church, it is probable that Mr. Berry would have denounced him openly from the pulpit. It would have been well, perhaps, had it so happened.

CHAPTER IV.

"Marion, I am not easy about you. I know your trial is a crushing one, but you ought not to look as you do. I must beg you to have medical advice," said Mrs. Percival to her niece one day.

It was autumn then—the swallows had all gone south; a few of the last red leaves still clung to the old trees round Woodbridge, but at every gust a shower of them fell upon the thickly-strewn paths, and winter was drawing very near.

Marion Gray seemed fading as the summer faded. With no particular ailment, she yet grew whiter and weaker and quieter, until at length there came a sudden conviction to the kind old relative who watched her, that she was dying with the flowers and the leaves and the October sunshine.

And when the doctor had paid his visit, Mrs. Percival knew that her fears were not unfounded.

"She may live till spring-time, but I can do little for her. I will look in occasionally; and the more you can do to cheer her mind and prevent her from dwelling on her sorrow, the better."

And that was all.

Mrs. Percival kept away from Marion all the day, sending a message to excuse herself on the ground of being busy about her house; but when twilight came, she went down to the room where her niece sat by the firelight, trusting that she had

sufficiently controlled her sorrow to let it pass unobserved.

"You need not have stayed away, aunt," said Marion directly. "I know you are unhappy—more unhappy than I. Dr. Hill told me; I begged him to—it is better I should know; and it isn't hard to give up life when it has lost its brightness. I don't wish to live on very long away from my husband and Eva."

"He might relent—he might give way even now—and then you would live and be happy for years to come, Marion. I must write and ask him."

But Marion laid her hand upon her aunt's, and her voice was very low as she said,

"You do not know James. Only God could subdue the pride which is even stronger than his true deep love for me. Death would be easier to him than to go from his word; and he *vowed* that he never would speak to me again unless I retracted and gave up my religion. No; I must leave him and Eva and myself in God's hands, and all will be well. Something tells me—tells me truly, I am sure—that the time will come—after many days, perhaps; but still it *will* come—when those I love will be in the true Church. All united then; for though gone from this world, I shall be in the Church still. Perhaps it is only by death that my prayers could be answered."

There was silence in the room for a while, except the whistling wind outside, and the rain that came pattering against the windows, and inside the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, the falling of a coal from the glowing fire,

the subdued sobbing of the elder lady. And then at last Marion spoke quite cheerfully.

"Let us ring for tea, aunt, and have lights. We must be happy while we are together."

And all that evening her face was so calm, there was a radiance on it which had not been there for so long, that Mrs. Percival, watching her, tried to think her fears ungrounded, the doctor's opinion mistaken. She might yet get over her delicacy, and live for years to come.

Winter came, and there seemed so little change—Marion's fading was so gradual—that perhaps only she herself and the good old priest who visited her constantly realized the fact that she was passing away. She still occupied herself in the manner she had been accustomed to. She was so calm, even so cheerful, that only those whose eyes were skilled in discerning disease would be likely to note its progress. But when spring opened, when the cuckoo's song told of the bright coming summer, when trees burst into leaf, and flowers were blooming everywhere, Marion seemed struck down as with a sudden blow. Then they wrote to her husband, but not in time; for as the light streamed in at the windows in the early morning of the day on which he was expected in Woodbridge—as the birds twittered and shook themselves in the glow of sunrise, and the faint lowing of cattle came from the distant fields—she passed away, so gently, so silently, that even the watchers did not know exactly when it was that the weary spirit was set free.

It was evening, and there was a

service to be held in the little church across the fields; so the bell was ringing, and groups of twos and threes passed along the road which James Gray was traversing hastily. He was a stranger, and perhaps for that reason he fancied that they looked curiously at him and whispered as he passed. Once he thought he caught the murmur, "Too late," and the perspiration stood upon his brow, and his heart throbbed violently for an instant; then he put the momentary fear aside—those words did not refer to him; it was impossible.

Onward, still onward, till he stood at the gate of Mrs. Percival's little house, waiting impatiently for admittance under the trees which looked so shadowy and solemn against the darkening gray sky. One glance from the maid who answered him told the truth before she whispered, "All is over—this morning;" and the proud stern man sank into a chair, shivering and timid as a frightened child.

Over; no, it could not be. Marion dead! Why, it almost seemed to him that he could hear her voice—the voice that had sounded perpetually in his dreams by night and day. He had pictured her ill—even dying—but not *dead*; he had pictured the light coming into her soft eyes as she saw him, the low whisper of forgiveness for all his harshness; he had pictured the meeting when he should bring Eva to her mother—how she would kiss her and cry over her and clasp her tightly to her heart; he had even dared to picture her restored to health under the influence of the great joy, and returning to home

and happiness; but never *dead*. Only God knew the bitterness of that moment in the heart of James Gray.

And then Mrs. Percival came to him. She had meant to be hard and stern and angry; but his broken-hearted grief, the speechless agony with which his eyes were lifted to hers, melted it all away. She only led him up the stairs—which seemed hushed and still from the presence of death in the house—and opening a door, motioned him to enter. There lay Marion, no trace of pain on lip or brow, the chiselled features so calm in their repose, the long lashes hanging on her marble cheek. The crucifix on her breast told of Him in whose death lay all her hope of eternal life—of Him who had comforted her as she went down to the dark valley; and James Gray fell on his knees by the bedside. His tears are falling fast now.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Percival; and closing the door behind her, she left him alone with the dead.

Twelve years have passed by since Marion Gray died, and Eva—the little baby Eva of four years old—is a young lovely girl with eyes like her mother's, with a voice like hers, which, echoing in her father's ears, makes him both mournful and happy. They have always been together since then. He travelled far and constantly to try and rid himself of his haunting grief, but always with Eva; for it seemed to him that only by the tenderest love and care to her could he atone for the sorrow he had caused his wife.

Since her death he has never looked again on Beechfield, never been again in the company of those who had known them together. With Eva and her trusty attendant he travelled constantly from place to place. But change gave him neither peace nor rest: he could not fly from his heart and conscience, and all the trouble was there.

And all the while one question pursued him, "What is truth?" Had Marion found it, when she, so yielding and timid, found strength to be brave and firm in the way she deemed the right? *Was* there any truth at all? He tried to think there was not; but the memory of the sweet face, so calm in death, forbade the thought. Marion had found peace and rest and truth. He could not doubt it, try as long and as much as he might.

But could *he* submit his judgment and his will to the voice of Christ's Church? Could *he* so far humble his pride as to become as a little child, and so enter the kingdom of heaven? It seemed impossible; but God's grace brought it to pass, when—all in a moment, it seemed—the power came, and he was a changed man.

So the twelve years had rolled by since Marion had been laid under the green turf. It was summer-time, and the feast of Corpus Christi. The sun rose brightly, and all Nature seemed keeping high festival; and amongst the worshippers who knelt at the communion-rail of the little church near Woodbridge were Mr. Gray and his daughter. That was where both had wished to be received into the Church of God; there they

had wished for the first time to receive their Lord and Redeemer in Holy Communion. Kneeling there, James Gray thought of former days—his overbearing pride and inflexible will—and his thankfulness was dashed with sorrow; but it was with the sorrow that was God-sent, which should abide with him to his life's end, and make him a humbler and better man. And Eva thought of her mother, of the history of her trial, which had been told her by her father not long before; and there was a subdued earnest look upon her young bright face as she remembered how that dead mother had knelt many a time in that place, praying for her child. And then father and child forgot themselves

and all else as the realization of the great holy Presence filled their minds; and amidst their fear and trembling there were earnest prayers and acts of dedication and heart-felt longing for perfection unknown and unseen on earth, but not in heaven. They both felt very near to her they had lost; she, gone first to rest, they two left to struggle on a while in toil and conflict, but all united in the one Church of Christ.

Thus it was that "after many days" Marion's prayers were answered; her faith and courage bore the fruit she most desired, and in dying we may say her work was accomplished.

RECOMPENSE.

IN Spring, two robins from the warmer lands
 Built a nest upon an unsafe limb
 Of the tall tree that by my window stands,
 And every morn they praised God with a hymn,
 And when a certain season passed away,
 Five light-green eggs within the building lay.

Above the rush and clatter of the street,
 Devotedly was guarded each green trust,
 And the round house was an abode most sweet,
 Roofed with awaiting wings. Better to rust
 With iron patience than forego a hope,
 And pent life in the shells was felt to grope.

But one dread day, before the sun went down,
 A cloud arose, a black and monstrous hand,
 That robbed the sunset of its golden crown.
 A windy shudder shook the frightened land.
 The portals of the storm were opened wide,
 And pealing thunder rolled on every side.

Then was it some unchained malicious gust
 Troubled the spray whereon the nest was made,
And to the ground the soft-floored dwelling thrust,
 And wrecked its hapless store. The birds, dismayed,
Shrilled their unusual grief, and beat the air
With wings whose very whirl was like despair.

At dawn, my neighbors, living o'er the way,
 Sent me the whisper that their babe was dead;
And when they led me where the body lay—
 The free, winged spirit's shell, untimely shed—
And the wild cries of their distress I heard,
I thought with pity of each parent bird.

Yet grief is but a cloud that soon is past;
 For there the mated robins came once more,
And built again a nest, compact, and fast
 Upon the tree that grows before my door;
And in it, from the window, could be seen
Five sources of sweet music, new and clean.

Time passed, and to the good home opposite
 Another babe was born, and all the love
That was bereft that fierce and stormy night,
 Fell to the latter child as from above;
And in the nest five yellow mouths one day,
Of their impatient hunger made display.

We love our dead, and hold their memories dear;
 But living love is sweeter than regret.
God's ways are just, and though they seem severe,
 He can give back with blessings greater yet
Than we have lost. He chastens for some good,
That in our weakness is not understood.

SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

THERE are individuals who never take their walks abroad without a pocket-knife, a few coppers, and a bit of string. Neglecting the two first articles as foreign to our purpose, what a helpful little thing is a bit of string, both at home and abroad, to look no further than its use as a collector and a conservator. In a country walk it keeps together, in order, flowers with flowers, ferns with ferns, grapes with grapes, and sticks with sticks. In-doors, it unites the bills of the year, the journals of a class, newspaper cuttings on some favorite subject, and trash for the rubbish-heap, or for lighting fires. If, in certain offices, string is abused in the shape of red tape, what would be the state of those offices if deprived of red tape's versatile aid?

What the twine-spinner does for the odds and ends of every-day life, the bookbinder, and, above all, the re-printer and re-publisher, does for literary miscellanies, which may have a connecting link of authorship or subject, of date or occasion, but which may be materially as heterogeneous as printed papers can be. Quartos, duodecimos, loose pamphlet-shaped tracts, stitched in covers, or uncovered and unstitched, single leaves begging the bill-sticker to give them a local habitation, defy the powers of string to convert them into a sightly and legible whole. It is then that the re-publisher comes in, giving unity, consistency, and order to what might otherwise have been consigned to the hopeless limbo of literature.

Doubtless multitudes of small publications deserve to meet with no better doom than a speedy consignment to that dusty fate; there are others which we pick up along the road of life, and thrust with delight into our travelling wallet, as we would soft-shining pearls discovered on a lonely shore. Few flying words are better worth collecting than those which Professor Tyndall lets fall from time to time; and the public is to be congratulated that, in obedience to an impulse from America, he has been induced to gather together the series of detached essays, lectures, and reviews which have recently come forth as *Fragments of Science for Unscientific People*.

For unscientific people, yes; for ignorant people, no; for prejudiced, bigoted, one-sided people, still less. The *Fragments* are not all of them easy reading. You cannot run through them as you run through a lady-writer's romance, although certain portions of them are more sensational than the most sensational novel. There is never an attempt to hide rough ground under the flowers of rhetoric or the sticks and straws of verbiage. Wherever there are hard places to be traversed, Professor Tyndall tells you they are and will be hard, and advises you to gird up your loins accordingly. When the trying bit of climbing is accomplished, he says, like a man, "Thus patiently you have accompanied me over a piece of exceedingly difficult ground; and I think as a prudent guide we ought to halt upon

the eminence we have now attained. We might go higher, but the boulders begin here to be very rough. At a future day we shall, I doubt not, be able to overcome this difficulty, and to reach together a greater elevation."

Such frankness, combined with such lucidity, renders the reading of Professor Tyndall's works a mental tonic. They often require the effort which it takes to plunge bodily into a chilly pool, but the resulting reaction of conscious energy and delight more than compensates for the effort. The Professor's mind is doubly clear; clear to itself and clear to others. Obscured by no mists, it puts forth no humbug. It has never been the writer's privilege to hear this gifted lecturer's *viva voce* discourse, but certain he is that *he* would never do what he relates that Faraday did upon occasion. Faraday did not confine himself to experimental discovery. He aspired to be a teacher, and reflected and wrote upon the method of scientific exposition. "A lecturer," he observes, "should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned;" still, "his whole behavior should evince respect for his audience." These recommendations were afterwards in great part embodied by himself. Doctor Tyndall doubts his unconcern, but his fearlessness was often manifested. It used to rise within him as a wave, which carried both him and his audience along with it. On rare occasions, also, when he felt himself and his subject hopelessly unintelligible, he suddenly evoked a certain recklessness of thought, and without halting to extricate his bewildered followers, he would dash

alone through the jungle into which he had unwittingly led them; thus saving them from *ennui* by the exhibition of a vigor which, for the time being, they could neither share nor comprehend.

Now Professor Tyndall, we believe, would never do anything of the kind. In the first place, he would take good care never to lead his hearers into a jungle unwittingly; and in the second place, if he had strayed with them into one, he would make it a point of honor to pilot them out of it. So long as an uncouth difficulty is malleable, he never tires till he has hammered it into shape; if it is utterly refractory, he tells you it is so, and lets it alone.

"Let us get a clear idea of this," or words to the same purport, is his constant and urgent appeal to his hearers when about to attack some knotty point. "My wish to render our mental images complete, causes me to dwell briefly upon these known points, and the same wish will cause me to linger a little longer among others." "My aim throughout has been to raise in your minds distinct physical images of the various processes involved in our researches." He struggles heroically to be clear, and the endeavor results in his being clear. Witness his explanation of the chemical action of certain rays of light, and the way in which he obstinately persists in not allowing the leading principle of the undulatory theory of light to be forgotten.

"Here I would ask you to make familiar to your minds the idea that no chemical action can be produced by a ray that does not involve the

destruction of the ray. But the term 'ray' is unsatisfactory to us at present, when our desire is to abolish all vagueness, and to fix a definite physical significance to each of our terms. Abandoning the term 'ray' as loose and indefinite, we have to fix our thoughts upon the waves of light, and to render clear to our minds that those waves, which produce chemical action, do so by delivering up their own motion to the molecules which they decompose."

Or let us take polarized light as an example. Most educated persons have heard of polarized light. They certainly see it every day, as their attendants talk prose without knowing it. They may perhaps have seen its brilliant effects displayed in the microscope of some ingenious neighbor. But ask them in what respect polarized differs from unpolarized light, and they will be hard put to give an answer. The present writer has seen no answer to the question to be compared, in respect to clearness and capability of popular comprehension, with Professor Tyndall's explanation. "There is another subject connected with our firmament, of a more subtle and recondite character than even its color. I mean what Herschel calls that 'mysterious and beautiful phenomenon,' the polarization of the light of the sky. The polarity of a magnet consists in its two-endedness, both ends, or poles, acting in opposite ways. Polar forces, as most of you know, are those in which the duality of attraction and repulsion is manifested. And a kind of two-sidedness, noticed by Huygens, commented on by Newton, and dis-

covered by a French philosopher named Malus, in a beam of light which had been reflected from one of the windows of the Luxembourg Palace, in Paris, receives the name of polarization." In short, a beam of polarized light has two sides, which differ from each other in their nature, qualities, and effects. If the beam is flat and broad, like the blade of a knife, one side is sharp and thin, as it were; the other flat and blunt. If the beam were cylindrical like a walking-stick, or square like a draper's measure, one-half of it might consist of wood, the other of barley-sugar. The opposite sides of a polarized beam of light differ quite as much as that.

This clearness is a natural consequence of Professor Tyndall's writings being eminently truthful. It may be too much to assert that every muddle-headed or muddled-tongued person is untruthful, but certain it is that all uncandid, insincere persons, all rogues, swindlers, and intriguers, are obscure, involved, contradictory, and often unintelligible in their sayings. "Speech was given to man to hide his thoughts," said one of the artfullest of men. Professor Tyndall is too good a philosopher, and too kind-hearted, to hit any fellow-philosopher hard; but is there no well-known contemporary writer open to some such a remark as this? "A favorite theory—the desire to establish or avoid a certain result—can so warp the mind as to destroy its power of estimating facts. I have known men to work for years under a fascination of this kind, unable to extricate themselves from its fatal influence. They

had certain data, but not, as it happened, enough. They supplemented the data, and went wrong. From that hour their intellects were so blinded to the perception of adverse phenomena, that they never reached truth."

What Professor Tyndall knows, he does know, and says that he knows it, and why. What he does not know he has the courage to state that he does not—adding, perhaps, that he is not ever likely to know. "Of the inner quality that enables matter to attract matter, we know nothing." While he feels a natural pride in scientific achievement—while he regards science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture as well as the most powerful ministrant to the material wants of men—if you ask him whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of this universe, he is obliged to shake his head in doubt. As far as he can see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. It is entirely beyond us. He compares the mind of man to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range; but behind, and above, and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution.

Dr. Tyndall once walked down Regent Street with a man of great gifts and acquirements, discussing with him various theological questions. He could not accept his views of the origin and destiny of

the universe, nor was he prepared to enunciate any views of his own. His friend turned to him at length and said: "You surely must have a theory of the universe." That he should in one way or another have solved this mystery of mysteries, seemed to the speaker a matter of course. "I have not even a theory of magnetism," was the modest reply.

The human brain is said to be the instrument of thought and feeling; when we are hurt, the brain feels it; when we ponder, it is the brain that thinks; when our passions or affections are excited, it is through the instrumentality of the brain. But at this point Professor Tyndall very properly asks for a little more precision. How does consciousness infuse itself into the problem? Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of love, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of hate with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know, when we love, that their motion is in one direction, and, when we hate, that their motion is in the other direction; but the "WHY?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the

pre-scientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed: "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke — No thought without phosphorus." That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist, he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is "matter?" who or what divided it into molecules? who or what impressed upon them the necessity of running into organic forms? he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions.

We travel with confidence under such a guide, and do not hesitate to inspect with him the objects that happen to lie in our path. Dust, oh! If you step aside at the cry, still remain near enough to take a peep at it. For what is dust? As sand is a highly elaborate preparation of sundry rocks and other hard portions of the terrestrial crust, dust is a still more elaborate form, both of organic and inorganic matter. Dust is, partly, what we have been, bodily speaking, and what we shall be. Ashes, we return to ashes; dust, we return to dust. Dust comprises carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron, carbon, organizable matter, which may become first a grain of wheat or a cabbage, and then a fractional part of a man. In the shape of dust which is blown about the streets, we may inhale our ancestors, and be inhaled by our posterity. Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, is just as likely to form a dust-cloud on a summer's

as to stop a hole on a winter's day. Dust is despised only by the ignorant; but whoever has possessed a microscope of even moderate pretensions, will take an interest in, and feel a respect for, dust. Dust, independently of its intrinsic nature, derives value from its mere mechanical qualities. "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." What would become of the farmer and the gardener, and what, consequently, would become of all civilized peoples, if dust were not, except liquefied as mud or solidified as rock?

Of the curiosities and marvels of dust we learn not a little from Doctor Tyndall's *Fragments*, which may be looked upon themselves as a sort of scientific dust, although the grains are of quite appreciable magnitude and importance.

Dust is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for Night Thought Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own devices, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt is the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for anybody to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of transient shadows, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous

beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall.

To carry out his researches on the decomposition of vapors by light, he was compelled to remove all dust from his experimental tubes. It was no easy matter to do so. At last, prior to admitting the air, he carefully caused it to pass over a spirit-lamp flame. The floating particles no longer appeared, having been burnt up by the flame. Those particles were, therefore, of organic origin. He was by no means prepared for this result; for he had thought that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible. The organic origin of a great portion of our floating and suspended dust is of vast importance in more ways than one. It is productive both of good and evil. Oxyhydrogen flame, scarcely visible in the air of a room, would be still less so if it could be burnt in an absolutely clean atmosphere. Such flames are made luminous by the dust in the air. In very dusty climates there can be no doubt that the particles so diffused act as a manure in the course of time, and likewise supply, in the crannies and on the ledges of rocks, a scanty soil which furnishes the means of a commencement of vegetation.

Dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. To the same cause are to be ascribed the effects by which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall makes an artificial sky more perfect than the real one. In mountainous countries, hills, at no great

distance are rendered almost invisible by haze. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the light of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself, but to see its color the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws, as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it.

Dust acquires a fearful interest, when we regard it as an agent in spreading disease. Professor Tyndall believes there are the strongest grounds for holding contagious matter to be "particulate," and, further, that the particles are, to all intents and purposes, germs, exhibiting, as they do, the fundamental characters of propagating their own kind through countless generations, and over vast geographical areas. Their life and reproduction run parallel to, and are an incident of, the life of man himself. He does not doubt the ability of these particles to scatter light, nor that the means by which the visible floating dust of our air is arrested will also be found effectual in arresting contagion. Doctor William Budd states: "As to the germ theory

itself, that is a matter on which I have long since made up my mind. From the day when I first began to think upon these subjects I have

never had a doubt that the specific cause of contagious fevers must be living organisms"—dust alive.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

II. FICTION.

It may strike our readers as strange that we rank fiction after poetry in illustrating the Catholic idea in literature. But if they bear in mind that literature is, essentially, a revelation of our common human nature, they will see the propriety of the immediate sequence of fiction to poetry, for, next to the poet, the storywright is the best interpreter of a people's mind. The truth of this statement is found in the popularity of the story teller, a popularity which is so permanent and general that it must come from the natural, spontaneous approval which we give to what is truly descriptive of ourselves and our lives. Our very fondness for stories and tales is a proof that we recognize in them something congenial to our nature, and the fact that this fondness is not confined to one class or one period in our lives, is presumptive evidence of the accuracy with which our nature is delineated in stories, and ourselves described under the imaginary characters that "flit across the paper stage."

In fact, the poet, when he said, "Men are but children of a larger growth," could have appealed for the truth of his line to the childlike

love all of us have for a well-told tale. From the immemorial period when Homer sang his "tale of Troy divine," down to the present day, the taste for romance is ever revealed in the popularity of the story teller, be he the poet of ancient times, the bard or troubadour or minnesinger of the middle ages, or our modern novelist. Philologists tell us that languages barren in historical, metaphysical, and ethical works, are, nevertheless, rich in legendary lore. Some go so far as to say that the mental traits and the peculiar genius of a people are better studied in their legends than in any other department of their literature. It would be an interesting task, indeed, to examine the intellectual peculiarities of a people, as they are revealed in the legendary remains. The Homeric poems, for instance, would display the vindictive, yet loyal and poetic nature of the ancient Greeks; the peculiar religious influence exerted over their minds by the system of polytheism that they professed, and the strange blindness of intellect that made them associate revenge, impurity, and deceit with the character of their deities. The legend of Rhea Silvia, which tells that Romulus

was the offspring of Mars, exemplifies the warlike spirit of the Romans. The heroic courage of their soldiers, and their confidence in ultimate victory, resulted from the belief that their arms were blessed by the god of war, who would never abandon the armies of the great nation of which his son Romulus was the founder. The blending of the religious with the chivalrous sentiment so apparent in the legends and tales of the middle ages, is in keeping with the time when gallant knights sold their castles and lands, and set out for Palestine to do battle for the Holy Sepulchre.

The sagas of the Norsemen, by dwelling upon the nautical adventures and naval victories of the old Vikings, helped to develop the love for the sea which characterized most of the northern European nations; and the passion for the chase, so marked in the early times of the Saxon and the Norman supremacy in England, was fostered by the old English ballads, as Percy, in the *Reliques*, assures us. Indeed, a people's character and bent of thought are so faithfully reflected in its legends, that historians sift and study improbable stories with the hope of solving an historical problem, or of lighting up the obscurity that envelops the early annals of all countries. Niebuhr, the acute German critic, whilst rejecting as unworthy of belief the purely legendary history of early Rome, shows that out of these legends a sufficiently trustworthy history may be constructed. His confidence in the mythological narratives as "history etherealized," resembles St. Augustine's opinion of heresies,

that all of them contained an inkling of the truth. Even theology discovers in the ancient legends proof of the antiquity and the inspiration of the Scriptures. In every known language there is a garbled and distorted tradition of the Creation and the Deluge, and a remarkable belief that a Prince was to come for the deliverance of the human race from the moral and the physical evils under which it groans, a belief that clearly points to the person of Christ.

Between the ancient legend and the modern novel, however, a great difference is marked. Most of our modern stories are professedly fictitious, but the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid and the mediæval narratives purported to be faithful accounts of real adventure. The ancients especially, carried their faith in their mythology to such an extent, that they incorporated it with authentic history, and hence the extreme care that modern historians are obliged to use in order to glean a few grains of truth from the almost entirely fabulous histories of Herodotus, and the early Roman historiographers. Even sensible Livy gravely records the bodily translation of Romulus to Olympus. This boyish faith in the marvellous is characteristic of an era when every tree, brook, and house was believed to be haunted by a divinity, and when a thunder-storm was regarded as indicative of the wrath of Jove. The predominance of the religious element in the mediæval legends has induced some critics to impute like superstition to the people of the middle ages; but there is no parity between the two classes of legends. The humble but intelli-

gent faith reposed in the legends of the Infant Jesus, the Madonna and the saints was totally different from the blind credulity with which the Greeks and the Romans received the immoral and absurd stories of their poets. The Golden Legend, the story of the Holy Grail, the Miracle and Passion plays of the middle ages had a powerful and direct tendency to good; but even Gibbon admits that the individual and social corruption of Pagan Rome could have been traced to the pernicious and debasing influence of mythology.

We must, therefore, admit that fiction has ever been, is, and assuredly always will be potent for good or for evil: that it largely influences the popular mind, and is, in turn, shaped and moulded by the popular thought and sentiment. It is far more so than the drama, "the mirror of the age," because it more easily catches its shifting scenes and traits. This is why fiction is the only department of letters that cannot be divided into classes and kinds. History we may divide into ancient and modern, profane, classical, ecclesiastical, civil, military, and so on; but the novel may refuse the trammels of time, may disregard the unities, and still be a novel. Take your lead-pencil and mark in your note-book six spaces, over each of which you will write respectively, "military," "nautical," "sentimental," "philosophical," "historical," "religious," "fashionable." Do you think that you will find seven novels corresponding to your division? No, but every novel you read is composed of those seven elements, and sometimes of seventy times

seven more elements. We have tried it, with the following result. Opening the first chapter of one of them, we find this description of a battle:

"With a wild cry, Captain D—— dashed to the head of the serried column, and in a hoarse voice, thickened with suppressed emotion, gave the command to charge. Have you ever seen the foam-crested waves riven with storm, as they rushed adown the beach, bearing away in their resistless might, great boulders of rock and wrecks? Even so charged the 35th, with D. at the head, folding to his bosom the dear old flag, &c."

No doubt remains as to the military character of that novel, we think, as we jot down its title in our note-book under the heading, "military." The title of a novel nowadays, gives no insight into the book. We finish the battle and proceed with chapter second. Here we have a beautiful illustration of what the critics call the "versatility" of an author, for we come across this description of a "storm at sea."

"Keep her well to larboard," trumpeted the old sea-dog, "or she'll ship seas like Jonah's whale. Man the pumps, and nail straggling passengers under the hatchways."

"She's goin', cap'n," said Ben Tarpaulin, as he rolled his quid meditatively, "I knowed it ever since I see Mother Carey's chickens. But, shiver my timbers and blast my figger head, if I don't go to Davy Jones's locker with her."

After reading *that*, we conclude that the author is a retired sea

captain, and put down the book as nautical. The next chapter shows the falsity of this judgment. No "sea-dog" could write this:

"Quite fair she was with soft sweet eyes that looked at you shyly, confidingly fawnlike, and hair that rippled like molten gold, back from her pure womanly brow. She did not answer him at first, but the quick incarnadining of her cheek whispered its own tale, &c."

Sentimental, of course, and what is worse, prolonged through two chapters. We are hardly prepared to encounter in chapter fifth, the hero practicing metaphysical gymnastics:

"Above him shone the stars, luminous and solemn. He gazed upon them in revery, thinking of the old Platonic dream of their being souls chained with lucid crystal gyves, in those stellar prison houses. Why do we sneer at Greek philosophy, forgetting that they who lived in the youth of earth, when she was free and communicative and gladsome, learned from her secrets which we cannot wring from her now, that she is old and dumb and tearful. Souls in stars! What intrinsic or extrinsic impossibility is implied in the conception of animated existences subsisting in astral *esse*? Why could not the Creator have placed us there before sending us to earth? Are there not psychologic *rappports* between us and the stars? How explain the prevalence of astrology and the widespread conviction of men that their fate is mysteriously connected with their star. Cosmo-

logically examined, the question is no less difficult."

So we think, and we believe that we have found at last the class to which our novel belongs—"philosophical." This impression remains down to chapter seventh, when all of a sudden, we find ourselves chatting with the Czar of Russia, joking with the Emperor of the French, playing chess with the Royal Princess of England, and in a word, fully immersed in an "historical" novel.

Still, whilst nearly every novel is thus compounded of different and oftentimes discordant elements, there are features common to them all; a general plan and treatment that the writer never loses sight of in all his wanderings. This feature or characteristic is the delineation of the passion of love. And it is precisely in this delineation that the Catholic idea in fiction is found. We speak of course only of novels that have no bad unhealthy doctrine or theory to advocate. We reject as unworthy of the name of literature any book that preaches impurity or immorality in any form. In spite of all the bosh and sham and absurdity of most novels, their generally correct view on the subject of love and marriage redeems them from a multitude of sins. No matter how poorly written a story may be, or how commonplace and prosaic its characters, the Catholic notion about love serves as an absolution for many faults. The elevation of this passion to a noble, high sentiment, as far removed from the grossness of sensuality as from the indifference of Platonism, is Catholic. The pure, ardent love

and reverence for the woman whom a man wishes for his wife, is the type of affection which most novels describe, in full sympathy with the Catholic idea.

Far be it from us to lay to the account of Protestants the disgusting views which the Reformers taught and practiced, concerning the relation and duties of the sexes, in this matter of love. We do not hold the Protestant of to-day bound to defend such men whom he, in common with ourselves, detests and abhors. The drunken songs of Luther, the more polished villainy of Calvin, the ravings of Bucer or Carlstadt constitute no criterion whereby to judge the Protestants of to-day. We wish only to show the incredible absurdity and foolishness of Protestants in believing in a nonentity, in supposing that the bundle of negations which they call their religion, really has some influence on their religious thought, or on that of the world at large, or on anything in the world of literature, science, art or government. Protestantism is, to coin a word, individualism. What has this or that Protestant to do with Luther or Calvin? He is his own guide, authority, and church in all matters that concern his eternal welfare. He consequently talks nonsense when he says that Protestantism, which is synonymous with himself, has, or can have, any save a merely local, personal influence.

For the same reason, we feel that we do an injustice to Protestants when we saddle on their shoulders the nonsense, impieties, and blasphemies of Luther or Calvin. Because the Saxon monk preached

that we should proportion our sinning to our faith, and that all our good works merit hell, it does not follow that the man that calls himself a Lutheran reveres and venerates him as his spiritual chief, or follows his abominable practice and teaching. We think that the reverse is the case. But the man is a fool for calling himself a Lutheran and professing to regard him as a reformer or a founder of a new system of saving doctrines. For the same reason, the Methodists are not steeped in sin because Wesley taught "the abounding of sin in order to the superabounding of grace."

So when we speak of the Catholic idea of love, and the purity and nobleness of purpose which the Church teaches, should accompany it, we do not mean to imply that Protestants do not regard the matter in the same light in which Catholics are taught to regard it. We say only that in so regarding love and marriage, Protestants depart from the spirit and the teachings of the Reformation. When we say that the types of grand character that are found depicted with masterly hand in the great English and American novels, are virtually Catholic, we say so because they are Christian, for, as most Protestants now admit, with Thackeray, the Catholic Church is the only thing in Christendom that can be called a Church. Protestant Christianity is something individual, personal. If a Protestant is a good man, a Christian, he is such in spite of his theoretical creed. So if a Protestant author describes a great, noble soul obedient to the higher Christian law and morality, such

description betokens that his authorship and scholarship are results of Catholic culture. As it is absurd to suppose that an atheist or a rationalist or a materialist can from his own consciousness or theory, sketch a good man, so is it absurd to suppose that a moral tale can be constructed from the doctrines or principles of the reformers. Victor Hugo's *Bishop Bienvenu* and *Jean Valjean* are just as truly Catholic types of character as are Thackeray's *Colonel Newcome* or Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. The defects in their character are traceable to the pantheism of one author, and the naturalism of the others.

Space does not permit us to illustrate from particular novels written by Protestants, the views here advanced. Let us, however, generalize a little. Suppose a novelist wishes to delineate a woman's faithfulness to her betrothal—a favorite character. The reason he gives for her steadfastness is deeper than the blind affection she may cherish for her intended. An author feels instinctively that this will not suffice for her fidelity through long years of his absence, “with suitors sighing around her.” He unconsciously unfolds the Catholic teaching on the binding force of espousals. If he ever read Luther's *Table Talk* on the question, and made his heroine follow the doughty monk's advice, his novel would be put on the index by decent society. Again, if he desires to describe the resistance of a young girl to temptation, her struggles to preserve her virtue from

the wiles and attacks of vice, he again draws on Catholic teaching. If the poor girl was so unfortunate as to know Zwingle's and Knox's view of the line of conduct she was at liberty to follow—well, the author could not draw his moral.

So with regard to the “stern parent” that wishes to force his daughter into an undesirable marriage, and her refusal to accede to his wishes, and dissolve her engagement with her “true love.” We have been often amused reading the condemnatory criticisms which such a story always elicits from the Protestant religious press, the clerical editors of which seem to think that the young lady's conduct is highly improper, unfilial, and unwomanly. The novelist, however, appears to know the true state of the case, the Catholic doctrine which makes even the reverential fear with which a daughter regards her father, sometimes constitute an impediment which annuls a marriage entered into under the influence of such fear.

We might ring all the changes of the novelist, and find them more or less re-echoing the Catholic idea, but we have reached our limit. Enough, however, has been said to prove that like poetry, fiction in its highest and best form, as a delineation of nature, and a pleasing exemplification of moral and social laws, is, in the main, a transcript of Catholic teaching on the duties and amusements of our daily life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NOBLE LADY.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG all the chords—some of them contradictory—which vibrated at the same time in Adelaide's heart, there was one which sounded with more remarkable and characteristic strength there than elsewhere, in a country where individual and disinterested action is more rarely to be met with than in others. It may seem strange, but it is true, that the motto, "Each one's deed is the saving of all," is better understood in Italy by women than by men. Be that as it may, Adelaide's noble heart was now filled with the desire of making some effort, some sacrifice, or act of personal devotion for the common good. It seemed to her that, as, after an earthquake, the more fearless look about them, not for a shelter for themselves, but to see to whom they can stretch out a hand, so in this great national shock which caused the whole earth to tremble, instead of seeking her own security or ease, it was needful to see what advantage zeal, courage, and faith could take of the words *liberty, reform, and progress*, which, if sincerely believed in, invite large-hearted men to put their hands to the work. But, in truth, the rule under which Naples had lived was in no way suited for the development of energy. We know that limbs long bound and stiffened have not, when first set free, any great vigor in moving, and this fact seemed to impose upon the more energetic the duty of acting without waiting for others. This was Adelaide's opinion, and the motive

which made her accept, for a while, the hardest of all sacrifices. She still believed that it was not necessary to break up the monuments of the past, but to restore them; that it was possible rather to heal than to open the wounds of her country, to create rather than to sweep away; and she offered herself for the work. She was willing to forego her sweet and beloved retirement, her peaceful and occupied life, her daily intercourse with friends; and all to devote herself to a difficult, dangerous, thankless, and we may as well say at once hopeless, undertaking, which after a few months she was obliged to give up.* Adelaide's belief in the goodness of others had hindered her from perceiving how her very singleness of will, the purity of her desire for progress—by which she meant the only true advance—and her refined and delicate feelings—how, in fact, the exquisite qualities she possessed, left her standing alone in a task in which, above all, she required to be seconded. She found it therefore very soon beyond her strength—already touched by the secret approach of the fatal malady soon about to reveal itself. She quietly withdrew from it, and returned to the solitude which she never left again, having reaped some sad experience during this brief appearance in a region troubled by the world's intrigues—experience most especially sad to one whose mind never willingly opened

* This was the superintendence and reform of a celebrated institution, into which, for many years, serious abuses had crept.

to anything but good-will, and who liked ever to shut her eyes to that aspect of human nature which is always contemptible if we look at it too closely.

At this time, if any bitterness dwelt in her heart, she might have had some pretext for showing or expressing it; but there was none to be found. She wished well to the most unjust and the most thankless. One day, a few steps from her, Adelaide saw two people mimicking her tottering walk, speaking of her the while with malevolence and contempt. She only smiled her sweet smile; and we are certain of telling the truth when we say, that if she could have done anything at that moment for her insulters, she would have done it gladly and with ease; for self-love found no dwelling on the heights which in that soul were bathed with Divine goodness. Not a trace of pain remained in her mind after an event which might have troubled the calm of her soul so much the more on account of the great tranquillity of her life.

Having returned to her seclusion, Adelaide took up again, with greater industry than ever, her former habits, and, as before, her time was spent between work, study, and charities, whose opportunities, having become almost infinitely multiplied in a revolutionary time, took all forms; and this is why, we may say in passing, those who love their country, on whichever side, should never avoid the opportunities of charity at such a time. God and the Guardian Angels of Bellavista alone know all that was done there during those years, whose storms are not yet assuaged, and what

good works followed her who was so soon to be called before the Sovereign Judge to receive her reward.

In that near neighborhood of the town the principal houses are only occupied by inmates who remain there for a short time, and during the heat of the summer, when it is preferable to enjoy the beauty of the views from a distance, and under the fresh shelter of the terraces and balconies—*loggie*—than in traversing on foot the steep and sandy ways which lead to the dwellings of the poor. It follows, therefore, that the numerous, wretched, and scattered populace is less civilized, less known, and worse helped than others in Naples who are much more centrally remote, but in the neighborhood of better sources of assistance. All these poor had now, thanks to the Church of Bellavista and its charitable neighbors, a centre round which they could gather with cheerful joy. Their gratitude on the one hand, and on the other the reasonable influence exerted by energy of character, joined to a large and kindly heart, such as Adelaide's, had created real bonds between herself and her poor neighbors. It is not possible to relate here the number of pious, wise, and useful ways in which this influence was exercised; but we will point out one, among others, which often arose from the new and troubled state of Italy, and specially of the Neapolitan state. It often came to pass that men who could not avoid the conscription, now more rigidly enforced than formerly, endeavored to make their escape. Several of these men, who were hiding in the neighborhood of Bellavista, were

brought down by want to implore charity of Adelaide. Her charity never failed them; but while her hand was opened to help, her gentle voice exhorted them to return to their allegiance, and almost always sent back submissive and contented to their standards, men whom the habit of lawless living would soon have led to violate all law, not as discontented citizens, but as criminals.

Days thus occupied were often concluded, as formerly, by evenings given to their relations and friends. The drawing-room in the Bellavista tower became no less peopled than that at Posilippo, and the new home had become nearly as dear to Adelaide as the old. Never, probably, had the sweet and lofty interests of her existence been more numerous or more keenly felt; and never had that existence been more valued by her family, or more useful to all with whom she had to do.

It was at that very time, unknown to every one, that a disease which had sprung up without seeming of any importance—a tumor, at first scarcely visible, in the lower part of the right cheek—began to assume some importance from the pain, which almost immediately made her suspect and dread the cause. To those who accompanied her, indeed, on that long way of the Cross, which was to lead her to eternal life, it is impossible to doubt that she had, from the first, discerned and firmly faced the danger which threatened her. The first shot, it is said, makes the bravest man wince; and those who grow the best accustomed to war confess that they stoop their heads at the first bullet which whistles by

their ears. If, therefore, Adelaide was for an instant disturbed by the early appearance of such a danger, it would only be natural, and no reflection on her courage; but nothing of the kind took place. What passed between God and her soul we do not know, though the end may reveal to us somewhat; but we keep the remembrance engraven on our minds of the empire which she maintained over herself, of her unchanged evenness of temper, her brave and unalterable cheerfulness and perfect freedom of spirit; and find traces of these qualities in all the letters she wrote at that time, from which we shall give several extracts. They are written in Italian, having been addressed to the Marchioness of Sonora, her eldest sister; and the first was sent off at the time when Adelaide felt the earliest symptoms of her fatal malady, then aggravated by a painful attack of erysipelas.

“October 14.

“No, my Pauline, we cannot go to San Prisco on Monday. That little swelling on my cheek ‘mounts towards the meridian of its life,’* and goes on *crescendo* every day with a fine whimsical effect, that, according to the rules of Fabio Pallavicini, somewhat disturbs the symmetry of my face; but in the matter of outline, beauty is relative, and every one has his own taste. For my part, this little *Berninesque* tendency does not disturb me.”

“October 17.

“The first thing I have to tell you to-day, Pauline, is that my cheek grows in beauty, and at this

* “Sale l’ arco della sua vita.” Dante.

moment is of the most splendid red. It may be I could wish this erysipelas to be less sharp; but if it tortures me, it will not be for long; for the vigor of its constitution cannot, they say, outlive nine days; after which, whether it chooses or not, it will be obliged to grow less, and finally lose itself *in the nothingness to which all creation hastens*.*

"Mesdames Pzennyfass and Giroux have invited us to inspect the fashions they have received from Paris. I have sent to get two crinolines, which will give us the circumference of the comet—save its tail, which they say, is 12,000,000 miles long. O, how ill this erysipelas makes me! How can one write wittily when the treacherous body will oblige one to think of it, whether or not? In spite of this, I should like, as they say in Spain, '*de tripas corazon*,' that is, cause the strength of my soul to pass into my body. Yes, the soul, that noble lady, shall be uppermost, and shall subdue her slave! There, I think that sentence already rings with a little spiritual strength! What do you say? Come, victory!"

This accidental malady, of which she so brightly complains, was overcome; and Adelaide's friends, glad to encourage one another, thought her cured, and ceased to think of infirmities which she never mentioned, and of which nothing either in her face or general health made them suspect the serious nature. In the course of the autumn, Adelaide and her sister went away for some weeks into the neighborhood of Naples; and she gives an account of their visit to her elder sister in the following letter:

* "Nel nulla ove corre tutto il creato." Dante.

"CASTELLAMARE, Thursday.

"Everything was ready for our departure the other day, when the idea suddenly occurred to us to change our route; which idea we carried out with a promptness and capacity equal to Napoleon's when he changed the plan of his campaign upon a drum head. Instead of attacking first the gorges of La Cava, we suddenly fell upon Sorrento, which we occupied for four-and-twenty hours. After making sure of that point, we scaled without opposition the pass of Scutari, and in two hours' time gained the heights of Castellamare, where we found a division of cavalry and infantry, by whose help we attained the finest spot in the neighborhood. There, under dear Zeneide's* hospitable roof, we pitched our tent; and this will be our head-quarters till the end of October.

"Our booty at Sorrento is wholly composed of holy matters, the greater part of which I have planted deep down in my heart, where I hope they will take root. But what I should like to make known to the public is a very beautiful discussion I have had with Babet Fonton† on the subject of the Immaculate Conception; a discussion upon which you will be allowed to decide. Moreover I should tell you that I have added to our Lady's Litany one more invocation: 'Holy Shrine of Christ, pray for us.'‡

"At Castellamare our spoils have been of a more worldly sort, but yet not wholly frivolous. The intellectual portion was made up of several conversations, parti-colored—*vario-pinti*—as well as by an his-

* The Countess of Lebzelton.

† Mademoiselle Elizabeth Fonton.

‡ "*Theca sancta Christi, ora pro nobis.*"

torical course, collected in the live walking book called Mons. du Pach, and also the beautiful melody of the poem Campagna* is writing, which he gives us in morsels that are immensely charming.

"From Du Pach's gossip I have gleaned that Marie Antoinette was of a middle size when you saw her in her morning-gown, but in public she wore high-heeled shoes, which, added to her royal way of carrying her head, gave her the appearance of being very tall. It was thought that she had red hair, because her skin was so extremely fair, and her eyebrows were of that color. He said *it was thought*, because in her day the horrible fashion of powder made a mystery of the real color of the hair.

"As to Campagna's poem, the first part is far advanced. Eugenio beholds the figure representing Humanity scourged by *Progress*, who drives him on, while the evil spirit *Standstill*—*statu quo*—holds him back, and after gazing into the gulf behind him, he looks up towards the cloud-capped mountains, to which he tends. . . . What an idea, to attempt to tell you a poem in prose! Enough; but let me tell you, I admire it, and think it full of beauty."

"December 6.

"Alas, it is too true! The poor

* Guiseppe Campagna, whose poems, which are justly valued in his own country, have been published in several portions, but always incomplete, and with an indifference as to their success, which in Italy chiefly characterizes those who deserve it. The poem of which Adelaide Minutolo speaks here is still partly unpublished, and is called *L'Abate Gioacchino*, containing beautiful passages, which make it desirable to publish it entire. Guiseppe Campagna was suddenly carried off less than a year ago; a loss to his country, his family, and to literature, as well as to the numerous friends he had made in France, where he spent the latter years of his life.

Count of Syracuse is dead. In spite of his faults, his mistakes, and his misdoings, he was a remarkable prince, and one who, in other times perhaps, might have been lauded to the skies. It is a misfortune to men, and specially to princes, that they may never enjoy their own historical reputation. Their little faults, when seen on a near view, tarnish their splendid qualities; and if there be any moral defect, we dare not praise them, lest we should be too indulgent to what is beautiful when severed from what is good. Poor Count of Syracuse! He will be, nevertheless, mourned by many, and sincerely regretted by a few, among whom I reckon myself. But while the chief part of his contemporaries will probably speak of him as a fool, who knows if posterity, looking upon what he has achieved, and calling to mind his taste for art and his patronage of science and literature—who knows whether they will not call him '*The illustrious Leopold de Bourbon?*' You are right; let us say more than one *requiem* for him; for, alas, his mind's eye, which discerned so well earthly things, was closed to the Heavenly, and this caused him to live as if this life was the end of all. Let us pray, oh, let us pray for him! It is the only means of returning the friendship he always showed us, and the kindnesses by which he did us honor. He often spoke to me of *comrade-ship*; but I never would accept from him the name of 'comrade.' To me he was always a prince; but now his remains and his rank are alike in the grave, I accept the title. Our souls are equal, and I am now going to pray heartily for *my brother*

while exercising the art which we both loved so well."

To Adelina.

"Mamma has no doubt spoken to you about my health, and you have heard the news of the little swelling in my cheek, which is as bright and shining as a billiard-ball; otherwise I am very well; and to-day treated myself to a morning walk to Bagnoli, with which I am much pleased. Yesterday we had a visit which troubled all three of us. We were out on the terrace after dinner, when we heard the large door-bell ring. The next minute we saw a gentleman appear with an elegant lady on his arm. It was L. and O. Oh, how changed he is! His face disfigured by that swelling, of a ghastly color, and his eyes sunk. He dragged himself along with difficulty, but still wished to see everything; however, after a little while, his strength failed him. We took him out on the terrace, which he thought beautiful, and he looked at everything with interest. Then I carried him to my painting-room, where we sat down, and stayed talking. He looks as if he must die, not suffering acute pain, but what he calls with indescribable gentleness, 'a disagreeable continual pain,'—*un antipatico continuo dolore*. After recovering a little from the upset it gave me, I was able to chat and keep up cheerful conversation; even to say some jesting things, which diverted him, and drew him out of his sad thoughts. They went away before dark, as they were afraid of the drive in the open carriage. In taking leave he pressed my hand so earnestly, and with

such continued and meaning pressure, that it fully seemed a farewell. Almost at the same moment Augustus Craven came in, and I felt very grateful for his visit, for it gradually removed the sad feelings which had been called up."

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! the friend of whom she speaks, and to whom she had indeed bidden a last farewell, was stricken with exactly the same disease as herself, and sank under it a few months afterwards. Her way of relating this meeting seems to show how sadly it reacted on herself, which was so unusual with her as to be worth remarking, as it is nearly the only instance where it is possible to take hold of any expression of the kind either in her words or writings. She now faced the probabilities of the future without trouble or alarm; but the chief thought and object which she steadily pursued up to the day but one before her death was to spare her eldest sister as long as possible. She knew that Pauline's tender affection led her to shrink from the idea of danger, and she held tenaciously to the determination not to disturb her beforehand with anxiety. She concealed nothing from the friend who never left her; and spoke openly to some others, bravely calling the frightful disease* she dreaded by name; but spoke of it as little as possible even to them, and was always the first to draw their attention from the subject. Neither did she ever exaggerate the evil to herself; and when the means of cure were suggested to her, she

* Cancer.

accepted the hope, and made ready for the attempt with calmness and resignation.

During that autumn Adelaide liked to sit alone in the twilight, while her sister played to her on the piano, or sang songs which she had sung formerly herself, or that they had composed together. From time to time then she permitted her tears to fall,—tears of feeling, but not of sadness; for it was not sadness, but affection, which sickness was ripening in her. A greater love than ever for God; a greater affection than ever for those whom she loved on earth. She suffered from the party animosity which since the revolution, and possibly for long before, had destroyed that mutual good feeling which had been the delightful and characteristic feature of Neapolitan society, and she continually repeated to her sister: “Oh, I beg of you, now more than ever *let us have nothing but honey upon our lips.*” These are certainly beautiful words, which in times of party warfare Christians at least should always keep in mind.

During the winter of 1865 she grew worse, and the surgeons who were called in differed in opinion. Adelaide decided, therefore, to set off with her sister to consult some one in Paris; and towards the end of May they began their journey. The tumor, and still more the sufferings it caused, were greatly increased. In crossing the Alps she felt, as I heard her afterwards very simply express it, *as if all her teeth were being pulled out.* It can scarcely be believed that notwithstanding this torture, and the sad anxieties which must have preoccu-

ped her on such a journey, her mind was sufficiently free and her courage great enough to enjoy all the beauty of the natural scenery and of art, and to be interested in everything in that Northern Italy, which, no less than the South, she called her country. Three old friends* who were at Paris when she arrived flew to the hotel to which she had just driven, and were received with open arms, and the same smile as if the meeting had been brought about by a pleasure-trip. She answered the anxious questions put to her by saying she was come to consult Dr. Nélaton, to know decidedly what course to take. “If he says that an operation is not necessary, so much the better, and I shall go back content. If the contrary, I shall submit, but shall go back all the same to Naples to undergo it; for if I die, I should not like to die away from my own people.”

This, in fact, was her intention before seeing Nélaton. She had to wait three days for his visit, which was perhaps the utmost trial of patience she had to bear throughout. When at last he came for his first visit, he was doubtful; and his doubt gave her friends, her sister, and herself, very great hopes. The next day he came again with another surgeon, whose experience in that special disease he thought more extensive than his own. I had not courage to look at them when they came out of the room where they had been consulting. She herself told me their decision. She must not think of going home. The operation was inevitable, and

* The Marchioness de Rende, the Viscountess Des Cars, and the writer of this memoir.

must be performed at once. I looked at her much overcome, but she was far calmer than I was. "Do not be anxious," she said; "I am not afraid." And as she kissed me, she added in a low voice, and with a tone I shall never forget, "*And I love God more than ever.*"

Four days afterwards her three friends were with Adelaide and her sister at seven o'clock in the morning. It was a lovely morning in June, the windows of the sitting-room were open, and Adelaide, brave and peaceful, was sitting at one of them, and appearing to enjoy the beauty of the weather, just as she would on any other day. She had prepared herself the day before by receiving communion in the little chapel near, and now had nothing more to do than to put in practice that acceptance of God's will which for so many years had been her act of daily love.

A sister of *Bon-Secours* and two surgeons were there to help Dr. Nélaton; but he had decided that no one else should be present at the operation. Just before it, he thought it necessary to prepare Adelaide for the probable consequences of what she would go through; and tracing with his finger the outline of the immense incision he was about to lance, he forewarned her that she would not only remain disfigured, but that she would probably lose all movement of the right eye, as well as of one side of her mouth. This was to be the result, even if the operation was successful! It may be imagined with what feelings her poor sister and her friends heard these words; but she turned to them with the same sweet smile. "Take one good look at

me once more, dear friends," she said; "for you will never behold this beautiful face again as you see it now." And having said this, she calmly left the sitting-room in which we were to remain, to enter that chamber from which none could say whether she would come forth living or dead.

The door was closed; and we stayed there waiting silently for four-and-fifty minutes! During that time not a word was uttered in our room, and not a cry, nor a sound was heard from the other, although the unconsciousness from chloroform only lasted twelve minutes. All the rest of the time she had felt and suffered everything. Afterwards she told us that when she had come to herself and was taking everything in, she had heard one of the assistants say, "I never saw so brave a woman;" and the other, "Oh, everybody knows where they get their courage!" and this had given her much pleasure. But she added, "After all, it was not courage: it was only a little love!"

The operation succeeded. I shall say nothing here of the emotion with which we saw Adelaide again, the sensation which the sight of her frightful wound gave us, or of the tension continually renewed during the nine following days, when the possibility of hemorrhage held her life by a thread. I shall only say that all that while, when she from time to time suffered dreadful pain, and when, if it was impossible to speak, it would have been easy to groan, not a complaint was heard, nor did a word escape feebly from her lips that was not a word of endearment or of thanksgiving. Once, after one of those

painful dressings, she was seized with such spasms, that she joined her hands in silence almost convulsively, and with an expression of the keenest suffering; but a minute afterwards a smile broke upon her face. "It is over," she said; "I was sure that my dear Jesus would not let me suffer beyond my strength." The spasm, in truth, had ceased, and more than once she seemed to obtain by prayer a like immediate relief. It was a just reward, well due to her who asked so seldom, and almost always against the grain, to be spared.

At last Adelaide's recovery was complete, and after six weeks' stay she was able to leave Paris. Early in August she returned once more to her dear home at Bellavista, gladdened by the result of her journey, and making very light of the constant uneasiness and manifold pains which the rent and divided nerves of her face made her undergo, the paralysis of one side of it which ensued, and I must add, the reluctance she had to overcome in showing herself to the friends who had not seen her since the great change which had been made in her appearance. But she spoke of herself less than ever; and her mind, her goodness, and her grace remained not only the same as before, but it seemed as if her whole understanding and soul had enlarged. As her cheerfulness was unalterable, and she was soon able to take up again her usual occupations, and devote the same number of hours to her beloved niece, carrying on the same reading, and devoted to the same pursuits as formerly, her friends felt again thoroughly at ease about her. And it is nearly certain that

she also felt satisfied about herself, or at least that she strove to be so, that she might be able to satisfy them. She even had the courage, just when so much past and actual suffering had enfeebled her strength, to take up a new pursuit. The paintings in the church had been done by herself, and now she undertook all the wood-carving with which it was to be decorated; and her work was so earnest, assiduous, and persistent, that she actually did accomplish a considerable quantity of carving, specially remarkable when the circumstances of its execution are considered.

The following winter Adelaide spent several months at Naples, where she took a more affectionate and motherly interest than ever in her nephews, on whose account she often drew her friends round her, which indeed cost her no effort; for to the very last she preserved the power of interesting herself so sincerely in every one who came near her, that the most trifling characters had often cause to think that their talk pleased her, so completely did her grand sweet disposition lend itself to others, and make itself all to all. Yet even during this time of supposed recovery, she never ceased to suffer the terrible consequences of the operation she had gone through; but to judge of the way in which she knew how to master bodily ailment, the letters, from which we shall quote later on, must be read.

When we recall that those bright, delightful, living pages—stirring and fresh with the keenest feelings that can be expressed—pages in which we find the very sparkle of youth renewed—fell from the pen

of a person whose hearing, sight, and speech were affected, if not altogether, or so as to be apparent to others, yet enough to keep her in a state of weakness which was always discomfort, and often painful; when we recollect, moreover, that the very vigor which resisted disease added another discomfort; for while she had her usual appetite,

she could never eat without pain,—considering all this, I repeat again, we shall be forced to acknowledge that then, as before and as always, according to her desire and energetic expression, her soul, “that noble lady, was the mistress of her slave.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOUGH ERNE.

“’Tis not in the power of pen to trace
The beauties of that sylvan place;
’Twould take a painter’s magic hand
To image forth the wild, the grand;
Painter and poet should unite,
To draw the varied scenery right.”

THAT lucid and lovely lake of pastoral isles, and grove-garnished shores, is chiefly situated in the county of Fermanagh, where it extends to the length of fifty miles, and expands, at some points, to the breadth of thirteen; covering, with its limpid waters, an area of 4800 Irish acres. If Salvator Rosa would prefer, for the exercise of his graphic genius, the wild magnificence and picturesque sublimity which characterize the bold and impressive scenery of Killarney, Claude de Lorraine would catch inspiration, were he to stand on the summit of Churchhill, from which a panoramic view of the charming landscape of Lough Erne can be seen to advantage, and contemplate an expanse of crystal water, shining and reflecting like a mirror set in a frame of emerald. How his admiration and enthusiasm would glow to behold an irregular disper-

sion of four hundred verdant isles, as luxuriant in foliage, and soft in shading, as the hanging gardens of Babylon, speckling and enamelling the surface of the limpid lake. Many of these Thessalian islands are richly ornamented with Palladian villas and Florel domains; and on the peering peaks of some of them are the ivy-braided ruins of pinnacled abbeys, and bastioned castles, serving at once to impart the attributes of the romantic and picturesque to the scene; and to recall to the historical mind brilliant recollections and pleasing associations of that glorious era, when Ireland was the great fountain that supplied Europe with literature, religion, and chivalry. By the intervention of wooded promontories and cultivated peninsulas, which embosom some elegant mansions, the lough is partially divided into what is called the “upper and lower lakes.” The upper portion extends from Enniskillen to Belturbet, in the county of Cavan, and the other branch of it terminates at the town of Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal; where, after precipitating

its turbulent billows down a rocky cataract, it is submerged in the ocean. At the next and thriving little town of Beleek, three miles south of Ballyshannon, the land and water beauties of the lake assume a most interesting character. Here the traveller will admire the river Erne, tumbling its white-crested waves down the rocky precipices of Beleek; as well as the shrub-clad knolls, and the grassy dingles of *Bo Island*, and the beautiful domain, and picturesque mansion of Castle Caldwell, crowning the amphitheatrical banks of a magnificent promontory, that extends itself, like a gigantic green mole, three miles into the lustrous lake.

In the prospective, beyond Castle Caldwell, the daring outline is swept by a nobly curved ridge of mountains, whose summits are diademed with azure clouds. As you journey on to Enniskillen, the lake and its shores present a succession of scenic and pictorial attractions. Within five miles of Enniskillen, the glowing landscape becomes exceedingly interesting and magnificent; a cluster of cottage-studded isles spring up in the pride of bloom and beauty, while, high above all, the lofty "*pollo-fouca*" (the puck's hole) elevates its emerald and sapphire crown as the mountain monarch of the scene. The Island of Ely, where the Marquis of Ely sometimes resides during the summer months in a fairy cottage, so wreathed with roses and flowering shrubs that Cleopatra would have selected it for herself and Antony, is beautifully decorated with all the taste of landscape gardening. Castle Hume, an old stately mansion,

situated on a peninsula that is diversified by conical hills, crowned with groves of oaks and elms, and by intervening valleys of a pastoral character, adds interest and variety to the picturesque combination of the scene which, as Thomson says, "smiles around."

When the traveller, proceeding along the road on the margin of the lake, approaches within two miles of Enniskillen, he will stop to gaze on the magnificent round tower, and the church, and abbey ruins of the far-famed Island of Devenish, which is a pantheon of antiquities, and a monument of the piety and genius which gave such celebrity to that isle, from the seventh to the sixteenth century. The round tower is an elegant specimen of the ingenuity and taste of the Irish artisans of the sixth century, who, in the form and structure of these national and native edifices, with which Ireland abounds, established a distinct and peculiar order of architecture, which may be justly and appropriately termed the *Irish*. This fine tower, composed of chiselled limestone, so ingeniously jointed in the wall, that the mortar is not perceptible, is seventy feet in height to the parapet, from which a conical roof springs to the elevation of fifteen; it is forty-eight in circumference at the base, and the wall is almost four feet in thickness. The assaults of time have not injured it; they only imparted to it an air of "sombre sumptuousness." If the vandal hand of man be not raised against this venerable pile of antiquity, it will survive, in its present palmy pride, a thousand ages yet to come.

Sir James Ware informs us that

the first priory on this island was founded and dedicated to the B. V. Mary, by St. Molasse Maguire, the Abbot of Devenish, in A. D. 553. That Saint, a man of great piety and erudition, died in 571, and his successor erected a Gothic chapel over his remains, which is now a heap of weed-covered ruins. From the annals of Ulster we learn that in 947, O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell, rebuilt and re-edified the abbey of St. Molasse with great grandeur of architecture and sculpture. The Abbots and Friars of this religious house acquired enviable celebrity for their sanctity and eloquence, so that until the suppression of monastic institutions by the lewd tyrant, Henry VIII, Devenish was consequently the resort of crowds of penitents and pilgrims from all parts of England and Ireland. About the middle of the last century, some heartless Orange Goth laid the hands of devastation and demolition on the Abbey as well as on the Chapel-tomb of St. Molasse, by taking out of the walls the sculptured marble, window frames, and door architraves, for the purpose of decorating a house which he was then building for himself, in the vicinity of the lake. But, like the cornices and fragments of friezes that have escaped the vile depredations of the Parthenon, there are in the affecting ruins of the Devenish pilasters, mullions, and sculptured arches that attest and proclaim the ancient perfection of architecture

and sculpture in Ireland. Fleming, in his *Miscellanies*, says that the black marble of which the Abbey had been originally built, was transported by sea from Waterford to Donegal, and from thence conveyed to Devenish. The Gothic arch of the transept, still retaining its primitive embellishments, presents tracery of exquisite workmanship. Over the corona of this arch rises a square belfry tower, which is flanked at each angle by a Gothic pillar richly *feuillaged*. The parapet of the tower is ascended by a beautiful sculptured winding staircase of eighty-three marble steps.

The prospect which will display itself to the view of the spectator who ascends to the summit of this tower is imposing, contrasted, and delightful; as the varied scenes that pass before his eyes, as it were, in procession, are calculated to awaken a sweet poetic association when the retiring beams of the setting sun "shed his parting smiles" on the beautiful landscape, which would tend to lap the muse of Byron in an Elysium of romantic inspiration.

In the cemetery attached to the Abbey are still remaining the mouldering fragments of several tombs, which were raised to commemorate the memories of the O'Donnell's, Maguires, and O'Reillys.

The island contains seventy-three acres, and altogether is one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in the world.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

SOME people—and those unfortunately not a few,—live in the perpetual employment of borrowing trouble. They lay a life-long mortgage on their happiness, and occupy their time in paying a fancy interest, and a heavy one, for their uncomfortable loan. Anything serves them as an occasion for making themselves miserable; and their indulgence in gloomy anticipations of the worst that can befall becomes at last a trick of the mind, which they cannot overcome if they would. For the mind gets its “tricks” like the body, and they are just as difficult to overcome. No illness, according to them, can end otherwise than fatally; no money pinch can be got over save by a bankruptcy, with exceptional disgrace; no trivial misunderstanding can be healed before it becomes an irreconcilable breach; and they have always sorrowful convictions as to the present unsatisfactory state of your soul, and its ultimate destination is uncomfortably sure unless you make a complete change in your opinions, and your actions. Their heaven has no sun, or one they see only through smoked glass; their songs are mournful threnodies; their dramas sad and dreary tragedies; their very affections are so many poisoned roots of sorrow; and their troubles are multiplied by just so many as they have friends and acquaintances in whose welfare they are interested. If kindly natured and not saturnine, their whole energy goes into pity, till their compassion becomes a vice, and their sympathy an addi-

tional burden on the heavy weight already borne by those they love. For though they mean to help in bearing the packet of miseries of those who are heavily laden, they only make it denser and harder to carry by the weight of their own gloom. If they are mothers, they see nothing of the joy, the elasticity, the unanticipative thoughtlessness which neither “looks before nor after,” the happy inconsequence of childhood; they take to heart only its troubles shaped out of the hard tasks of school, the tyranny of the elders—whether as big boys who make little ones fag for them, or as big girls who take away the little girls’ toys, or as nurses and teachers who tyrannize over and oppress both big and little impartially; the troubles that have to come from inevitable ailments, and from the gradual initiation into the sorrowful realities of life. They pity children and young people so much—they say mournfully: Poor little things; life is so hard on them! And the shrill cadence of childish laughter, coming in with the sunshine and the song of birds and the scent of summer flowers, does not lighten their gloomy picture, nor destroy their melancholy theory.

Nothing can do that, for even the absolute present reality of joy is to them only an hallucination, a delusion, which must before long fade away into thin air; and blackened ashes, where had once been the glow and warmth of fire—or a fire that only seemed and was not true—are the utmost they

can allow as possible to mankind. If a girl is married to the man of her choice, they sigh over the disillusionment that must come, prophesying evil things for the close of the day that has dawned so brightly. Others have married with just as high hopes and fond hearts, they say, and look where they are now! And they instance A., and B., and C., who have made notorious shipwreck of their matrimonial happiness, and speculate on the probabilities of the like unskilful pilotage in the present case. They are generally sure of diseased blood on one side or the other; for the number of people of their acquaintance who have hereditary madness, or a decided consumptive tendency, gout by inheritance, and paralysis stealing round the corner, is marvellous in proportion to the few whom they allow to be thoroughly "clean." If they cannot designate unwholesome members of the family by name, and let you into the secret of their doctor's fees and their chemist's bills, they fall foul of the bride's notorious silliness, of the bridegroom's well-known temper; of her absurd ignorance of life and house-keeping, of his monstrous extravagance or revolting meanness; and they are sure that, somehow, by the failure of health, happiness, or prosperity, there is no good in store for them.

But nothing of this is said maliciously. Quite the contrary. They are honestly grieved at the dark days to come in the future, and would if they could avert the evil omen. But what can they do? Cassandras who cry aloud and prophesy, they have only the gift of prevision not of prevention;

they can but sympathize, they cannot hinder. They are the skeletons at every feast where they are invited; and write up with their awful fingers the *Memento Mori*, which is their version of *Salve*, on the threshold of every chamber they inhabit; yet they are not content with their perpetual reminder of death, which is bad enough in itself, but they add to it the still more desolate rider, "Forget not to suffer beforehand."

There is no hope growing in the path where these people take their melancholy walks, and if there are possible dangers in the far future, however remote, however only possible, only contingent, we may be sure they will expect to meet them now on the very instant, face to face, though they are just as unlikely to be found as a wild beast at liberty in a great city. There is the possible trouble; there is the wild beast in its cage; but that the sorrow should be stalking in gloomy majesty along the highway now at this present time is no more likely, than that the lions and the tigers of the Zoological Gardens should be found meandering among the Sunday loungers up the broadwalk. If an epidemic comes into their neighborhood, they and theirs die of it daily. A finger-ache heralds the advent of rheumatic fever, a slight huskiness is the first symptom of diphtheria; if a child is flushed with play it has the scarlet fever without the smallest doubt, and the idea of escaping the prevailing scourge, or of pulling through, if caught, never enters their heads. If anything merely mental could kill, it would be their wretched forebodings of

death and disaster; and if "germs" fructified by attraction, the houses of the borrowers of trouble would never be swept clean of disease. They are good customers, however, to the chemists and the vendors of quack medicines and preventives; for, cowards in all else, they are brave in their adoption of new remedies—their special character of mind for the most part inclining them to a belief in specifics with mysterious properties undemonstrable by science. In ruder ages they would have been "held" by witchcraft, and "released" by magic. Now they are fain to content themselves with nostrums which work wonders by properties unappreciable by analyst or physician; and when you say to them, "They cannot; there is no such property contained in a bushelful of your medicines," they only answer, "They do," and instance to you cases wherein, to their knowledge, miracles have been wrought. What can you say to such reasoners? If Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, the relation between architecture and geology is, to say the least of it, obscure. And if it is really any comfort to the poor borrowers of trouble, carrying their load in the desert of their own making, to build their Zoar on the shaky foundations of quackery, it would be uncharitable to prevent them, seeing that you have nothing else to offer which they would accept in its stead.

The world is full to them of snares and pitfalls; and, as parents, they borrow trouble in their daughters' good looks, their sons' gallant bearing, and the evident admiration both excite in the minds of

their young companions. Their daughters especially are the subjects of their dread; and there is not a young man within a mile of them who is not a lender of the trouble they so eagerly borrow, from their conviction that he is a wolf, whose sole design it is to devour at a sitting the poor lamb bleating its innocent response to his crafty address. Whatever trouble is afloat they borrow largely, as they sit on the side benches, like so many descendants of the giant Despair, holding out both hands, not for gold, but for misery.

When their sons are men enough to leave home, the same habit of mind which has done its best to cripple their boyhood follows them—happily for all concerned no longer able to influence the life of those for whom their fear has done its loving worst. As boys, the poor borrowers of trouble found an inexhaustible fund of pain in the vigor, the energy, the daring, the very education of youth. Not a gun was ever handled which was not sure to shoot the owner instead of the birds at which it was levelled; not a horse was mounted which did not carry in the saddle a fractured limb or a broken neck; every boat was a witch's bowl with a hole in her; and all athletic sports were but disguised devices for smashed shins, broken bloodvessels, and future heart disease. Study was the direct road to madness; the navy meant shipwreck and death by drowning at the first stiff breeze; the army was a certain consignment of so much precious flesh and blood to the path of a bullet; the medical profession was the surest way to get typhus fever at the first

opportunity; the law was perhaps physically safe, but the law leaves no hands clean and no code of morals straight. If we knew the secret causes by which some lives have been manipulated, we should find that the reason why certain men with no qualification for their professions, were doomed to lives of ill-suited labor, was in the woful fears of the parental borrower of trouble in the days when the man was but a boy, and his profession was decided before he had come to his own mastership.

If the borrowers of trouble did not insist on sharing and passing on their loan, it would not so much signify. Folks are free to make themselves unhappy in any way that strikes their fancy, but the mischief lies in communicating to others this unhappiness elaborated in their own private crucible—this trouble borrowed of false fears and sorrows that do not as yet exist, and that may not see the light at all. But happiness is impossible with this preventively grieving race. They know joy only by name, as a fleeting, deceitful, and destructive hussy, and they choose care, in his blackest garb, as their rider *en croupe*. Like Trappists, they dig their own graves while they are still walking about the earth as men, not crawling beneath it as worms; and they keep their most precious jewels in a coffin as a casket. As if the absolute was not bad enough, and the punishment that overtakes the unconscious strayings of us poor dazed wayfarers not hard enough to bear, and certain enough to come—as if the sadness inherited of life itself, and which none of

us can avoid, was not deep enough, the mystery of sorrow which none of us can fathom or forego not mournful enough, without adding to it all by our own act, piling the Pelion of unnecessary fears on the Ossa of inevitable pain! But no reasoning will teach these eager borrowers of trouble to wait until the time of trial actually comes, or convince them that there are two ways across the desert, and that the chances of escape or destruction are pretty nearly equal, if only one will believe it—the proponderance, indeed, lying to the side of escape, else what would have become of society and the human family had it not been so? They will not believe in the religion of hope, and the ethics of cheerfulness are as pagan reasonings to them. They are always so convinced of disasters beforehand, that when a catastrophe does really come, one would imagine it must be a relief to them, haunted as they are by vague shapes of dread which beset them like ghosts in the night. At least this is real, this is something tangible, and not a mere dreamy vision; there is no longer that terrible balance between hope and fear, the possible and the actual, which makes the brain sometimes uncertain of itself, and shakes the nerves like the leaves of an aspen-tree set in the current of a passing storm. When the worst has come, there is the repose which follows on certainty, and the sleep which comes after torture is none the less sleep and refreshment, because preceded by agony. So when the borrowers of trouble are called on to pay their loan, and their vague fear is translated into a living fact, they

are spared any further pain of uncertainty. And as one's imaginary evil is seldom topped by the reality for a time at least they have respite from their dread, and find their real trouble less terrible than their fancied one—their payment of sorrow of less amount than that trouble they so needlessly borrowed.

But, indeed, the worst use that

man can make of his time is to borrow trouble in any shape. It is quite bad enough to spend it in tears and despair when it comes of its own irrepressible accord: until then, let us keep our hands clear of it, and if we must borrow anything, borrow joy and hope, even if we have to pay back the loan with disappointment and with grieving.

WHAT A LAYMAN CAN ACCOMPLISH.

THERE is a tender remonstrance, a gentle reproof implied in Christ's words of address to a paralytic whom he cured, "Son, thy *sins* are forgiven thee." It was a rebuke administered both to the helpless sufferer that gazed upon him trustfully, and to the crowd who were so busy and eager in bringing their sick to his feet. It pained him to see them regard him only as the healer of their physical maladies; only as one at whose potent word, the sightless eyes would open upon the beauty and brightness of day; the mute tongue speak words of benediction and joy; the palsied limb recover its wonted strength; the departed spirit return to reanimate the entombed corpse. But they did not seem to regard him as the Physician of their souls, the Grace-Dispenser, the Forgiver of sin. They were not solicitous about bringing sinners to him, or presenting themselves to be cured of spiritual ills.

This indifference to the spiritual well-being of the bodily diseased men whom he was implored to heal,

must have been one of his sorest trials. He met this carnal-mindedness everywhere, this earthly bent of thought, this laboring for the food that perishes and carelessness about that which endures to life everlasting, this sordid, selfish, carnal spirit. He encountered it at Jacob's well when the Samaritan woman asked him to give her the water of which he spoke, that she might be free from the trouble of coming often to the well. He felt it at Capernaum, when the multitude were scandalized because he spoke of giving them his body and blood to eat. So in the healing of the paralytic, he reproves the spirit that looks not beyond the earthy and temporal; that expects nothing but the cure of the body. "Thy *sins* are forgiven." Here was the man's real sickness, here the only evil that could irretrievably injure him, the only ill that could put forth an influence bearing adversely upon his real life. His bodily disease would close with death. His sins might reach into eternity and destroy him there.

Notice how far from the mind of the crowd was this spiritual frame of mind. Certain said in their hearts, he blasphemeth. He can cure disease. We see that. But to forgive sin is for God. Then Christ, the Divine Physician, stood revealed. "That ye may know the Son of man has power to forgive sin, then said he to the man, arise and walk." Through the poor, dead limbs the life-blood coursed, faint type of the marvellous vitality communicated to his soul.

Now, this is the light, the respect under which our Lord wants his followers to know him—as the Physician of the soul. This is his perpetual office. His healing of physical disease was part of his external ministry among men. It was an evidence of his Divinity. But he is, forever, the healer of the spiritual diseases of all that come to him, imploring mercy and fulfilling the conditions he has laid down. To his Apostles he gave the gift of miracles, and this gift remains in the Church; but he has given the power of healing spiritual disease to every priest of his Church. This power is far more ample and general than the power of working miracles. Its efficiency can be impeded, generally speaking, only by the sinner himself. And whilst the compassion of Christ for the physical sufferings of his creatures was intense, whilst he looked with favor upon the good-natured men that brought the sick and the maimed into his presence, he regarded with far deeper compassion the woful condition of the soul, and blessed those who did his own work, in co-operating with him in the eternal salvation of men, in

bringing sinners grieving over transgressions to his feet.

Why should not we who, imperfectly at least, understand the mind of Christ, and are familiar, through the Church, with his wishes and intention, be ready to bring to him the spiritually diseased? Why should not every layman be moved with that higher order of Charity, for his fellows, which is evidenced in leading sinners to Christ?

But, you say, this missionary labor does not properly belong to our lay condition. It strikes us that we should trespass on ecclesiastical province, were we to busy ourselves in looking up sinners. It seems like an unwarranted assumption of a priestly function, were we to sermonize sinners, visit their houses with the express object of converting them, or take any other direct step toward that end. Then, too, our attempt, in all probability, would be useless, for, if sinners will not listen to their authorized preachers and pastors, it's not very likely that they will hearken to our pleading. Indeed, they would resent our interference in their spiritual affairs, and so, instead of doing good, we should only bring religion and ourselves into ridicule.

This objection proceeds from a misconception of the plan and scope of the work we are laying out for you. We don't want you to preach sermons to sinners, or visit their houses with a Bible or a psalm-book. All that God and the Church wish you to do is to exert in a quiet, kindly spirit, the personal influence which you have over your Catholic friends and acquaintances that you know to be leading a careless, sinful life. In your daily walk of life,

your office, your shop, the business mart, the railway, the street, you are continually encountering men whom you could interest in an informal talk about their religious affairs. Old friendship would not take offence at some plain words about a friend's spiritual welfare. Long companionship would easily brook a well-timed, fervent exhortation to come to church, hear the word of God, go to the sacraments. There is no assumption of priestly power in gently drawing a sinner from his evil ways, "in saving his soul from death." So far from condemning your discreet, Christian zeal, a priest would applaud the unobtrusive spirit of charity whose labors would lighten his own, whose gentle ministrations would cheer him in his efforts to reclaim sinners.

In this country particularly, our priests are often put in charge of a sphere so extensive that they cannot, personally and efficiently, superintend it all. In a large, populous parish, a priest may never come into contact with scores of bad Catholics whom you meet and converse with daily. It is a common experience of priests that they meet for the first time many a bad parishioner on his death-bed. The pious laity have it in their power to lead such lost sheep to their pastor. They can act as under-shepherds. By their conversations, monitions, prayer, and good example, they may co-operate with the priest in saving souls that otherwise might be lost.

Measure the power which your years, your social standing, your reputation give you. If you are a superior, the foreman of a work-

shop for instance, or the master of a great number of workmen, your men have learned to listen to you respectfully, value your opinion, and obey you, without hesitation. Why not carry this influence into a higher order, and seek to draw a sinful workman from an occasion that is damning his soul? If you are the head of a family, see the power over your children and your servants which your position gives you. If you are a rich man, why not use the power, the influence which your wealth commands, in behalf of the men that look to you for their bodily wants, for their earthly wages? Show, by kindness and reward, that you appreciate virtue. Don't be worried if you see some influenced by earthly motives, or a desire to please you, in going to church. God will give them grace, and, after all, none of us sees the heart. If you are a servant, a laborer, you are not, on that account, devoid of a certain influence over your fellows, and, indeed, over your superiors. We know an Irish servant girl, whose unaffected piety and good works were, under God, the means of converting an entire Protestant household. Always remember that your efforts to save souls are ever accompanied by the blessing and the assistance of God.

Never undervalue your own personal influence. No matter how poor, or humble, or dull you think yourself, there is at least one who looks up to you—one whose heart you hold. It is a beautiful revelation of God's goodness that He leaves no man utterly alone. Every one has a friend, a companion whom he can sway. You may not

think that you have any powers of persuasion, but pray for a while, for the conversion of your friend, and then speak to him on the subject of your thoughts. You will see if you have not influence.

Some slight inconvenience may attend your effort to induce a hardened sinner to visit the Church, attend a mission or a Forty Hours; but, on the whole, your work is easy if you bring to it earnest prayerful hearts. If you perceive that your well-meant exertions are received with stolid indifference, if you are insulted or abused, if you have a certainty that your labor will be uselessly expended, you are

not required to exert yourself further in his behalf. But don't be disheartened by a little coldness, or crossness, or laughter at the outset. Think of the reward Christ will give even for our relieving the bodily sufferings of our neighbor. What special reward will he not gladly give to those who have fed the hungry with the bread of life, brought the thirsty to the fount of salvation, clothed the naked with the garment of grace, visited the sin-imprisoned, and comforted them with the freedom of Christ, assisted the sick and palsied to the feet of the Heavenly Physician?

THROUGH LIFE.

WE slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."

THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF TOBACCO.

No. I.

A FRIEND of mine who had passed through severe struggles of poverty, assured me that he and his companion once finding themselves reduced to a single penny, tossed up whether it should be spent on bread or tobacco. But hear the other side: a medical man assures the public, through the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, that tobacco has no sort of attraction—"n'offre réellement aucun véritable attrait,"—but is a nuisance to smokers and to those who do not smoke.

Here we have an illustration of the opposing attitudes taken by two classes,—the one maintaining that tobacco is a source of vast diffusive pleasure, lightening the burden of our daily life; the other maintaining that it is nothing but an evil, shortening our already brief existence, and darkening it with many maladies. From the very first day when the fascinating plant disclosed its charms to Europe, down to the moment of my writing this, there have been incessant cries of alarm and disgust; but this vast expenditure of rhetoric and exhortation has been in vain.

The Delights of Tobacco, though vociferously denied, have exercised so persistent a fascination that no rehearsal of its dangers has sufficed to arrest the rapid increase of its votaries. Singular! It has been proved over and over again to be the deadliest of poisons, and every year the consumption grows larger. Medical science has aided moral suasion, long lists of diseases have

been attributed to its influence, penal legislation has attempted to suppress it, sarcasm and ridicule have endeavored to make it unpopular, but the tide rolls on; and, seeing this, the unexcited spectator naturally asks, How does it come to pass that this deadly poison, annually consumed in millions of pounds, fails to inspire terror? Are men indifferent to poison? or are they unsusceptible to it? How is it that the great majority of men in every country can daily "poison" themselves, and yet the effects of this imprudence escape our notice?

The mere putting of such questions shows that there must be some serious flaw in the statement of the real relation between tobacco and the organism; and the consequence of this flaw is that men in general, finding the massive experience of daily life at variance with the teachings of a few writers, set aside those teachings as "stuff and nonsense;" they find that the consumption of tobacco is doubled in ten years, and not observing any corresponding increase of mortality or disease, they laugh at medical alarmists. One must admit that the subject has generally been treated with lamentable want of candor and insight. We have been told with emphasis that the tobacco-plant belongs to the dreadful family of nightshades, and ranges beside the belladonna and mandragora. It is true; but no less does this plant range beside the potato, the tomato, and the capsicum. We have been told that it contains a

virulent poison. This also is true ; but wheat, tea, coffee, almonds,—nay, even animal flesh, as we shall see presently,—also contain poison. We have been told that it has paralyzed Spain, destroying the chivalric grandeur of her people, no less than the political importance of her government ; but since it has not ruined Prussia, nor prevented the rise of the great American republic, since it has left England and France their ancient energy, men are not much appalled by the example of Spain. We have been told that smoking leads to weariness, indolence, apathy, egoism, and grossness ; and members of the British Anti-Tobacco Society are firmly persuaded,—or at least endeavor to persuade others,—that smoking is one great source of the crimes and debauchery of the masses. Nevertheless, the smokers daily become more numerous.

Is all this outcry the voice of a foolish prejudice, or is there a valuable truth underlying the exaggerations ? In one word, Is smoking dangerous, and what is the extent of the danger ? I will endeavor to answer these questions with a severe impartiality. I will do it for the reader with the same earnestness that I have done it for myself, being neither a tobaccoconist nor a preacher, but a physiologist with a very delicate constitution, which needs great vigilance to keep it up to working order. I am a moderate smoker ; but much as I enjoy a cigar, I would most willingly give it up, if I had even a strong suspicion that by doing so I should improve my health.

There is danger in tobacco. The fact should never be disguised.

What are the real elements of that danger will appear in the course of this essay ; meanwhile the contradiction between the two parties, previously noticed, may be summarily reconciled by the assertion that although tobacco contains a deadly poison, smoking is not poisonous,—except under such conditions as will hereafter be noticed.

The mere fact that tobacco contains nicotine, a poison, is in itself of no great significance to the smoker. When the physiologist describes the terrible effects of nicotine administered to animals, he furnishes valuable facts to science ; but they must be very imperfect physiologists who infer that the same or similar effects will be produced on a man who smokes tobacco containing nicotine. Indeed, when we know that one cigar will contain an amount of the poison which, if chemically separated and administered pure, would kill two of the strongest men, and yet see men daily smoke half a dozen such cigars without appreciable effect, we need no physiology to assure us that the action of nicotine is one thing, the action of tobacco-smoke another. I shall presently give the physiological rationale of this ; but the fact itself suffices to set aside as irrelevant a mass of evidence and argument commonly adduced to prove the deleterious influence of tobacco-smoking, grounded on the effects of nicotine. No one doubts that tobacco is poisonous. No one doubts that alcohol is poisonous. But the massive evidence of national experience utterly repudiates the inference that smoking a cigar and drinking a glass of wine are poisonous. It is a ques-

tion of quantity; and we shall by and by see how all poisoning is a question of quantity, and how food itself becomes poison when taken in excess.

Although the presence of nicotine is no valid ground for the inference that smoking is necessarily poisonous, the fact points to an element of danger upon which our attention should be fixed. A poison is there, and its effects on the organism may be terrible; what we have to ascertain is how these effects are avoided. Every one knows from early experience how powerful and unpleasant is the effect of a small quantity of tobacco on the tyro: after a few puffs he feels his heart palpitate; if he continues the experiment, a cold sweat breaks out, his face becomes ashy pale, the room swims round, and he is relieved from his misery by sickness.

So horrible are the sensations which usually accompany our first introduction to the enchantress, that no greater proof of her charms can be given than our willingness to go through the stages of initiation. Yet in a little while the organism becomes so adjusted to this stimulus that none of the early effects are appreciable: delight replaces discomfort. The fact of the discomfort shows that tobacco is capable of exerting a powerful and noxious influence, seriously disturbing the functions; the fact of its ceasing to exert that influence shows that what was at first a disturbance has become a gentle stimulant, by which the pulse is slightly accelerated, the secretions increased, and the cerebral activity heightened.

But in admitting that tobacco is

a stimulant, we may seem to be admitting all that its opponents claim. They ask, "Can such a stimulant be daily applied without injury? Is there not a cumulative effect. Is not the excitement temporary, and followed by a depression which is hurtful? Are not the brain and nervous centres, in the long run, deteriorated by this excitation?" Pertinent questions, the answers to which must be determined by the precision with which the questions are understood; we may answer them yes or no, with equal justice, according to the use we affix to them. It is certain that no stimulus which is a disturbance of the natural functions can be daily applied without injury. But is it certain that smoking tobacco daily is the daily application of such a disturbing stimulus? Is it even probable? Is it not demonstrably untrue? You might as well argue that sailors shortened their lives by daily exposing themselves to the horrible disturbance of sea-sickness; much as they suffer at first, it is plain that in a little while they cease to suffer at all. In like manner the disturbance created by the first few pipes soon disappears, and can only be reproduced by an excess: the disturbance has given place to a stimulus.

Finding themselves at variance with obvious facts, our opponents endeavor to maintain their position by arguing that, although the organism may become so far accustomed to the stimulus as to exhibit only a trifling disturbance on each separate occasion, yet, inasmuch as this is repeated frequently, there is a cumulative effect, which tells injuriously. When Voltaire heard

that coffee was a slow poison, he replied, "Very slow; it has been eighty years killing me." Indeed this notion of a gradual storing up of its injurious influence is a notion which, had it not been countenanced by professed physiologists, I should be tempted to affirm that no one familiar with vital processes could steadily conceive. It is absurd; and daily experience refutes it. If the slight increase of the heart's action, consequent on smoking a cigar, is injurious because it is an increase, and if such excitement is cumulative through daily repetitions, and, by accumulation, will produce idiocy, mania, loss of memory, general paralysis, and all the other terrors of tobacco, then, on similar grounds, we should avoid the slight increase of the heart's action which follows our daily cup of tea or coffee, our morning tub, and daily walk, with all other stimuli of food, emotion, and thought. Life is one incessant reaction upon stimuli; and, were it not that life is also an incessant renovation of tissue, these reactions would rapidly come to a close; but, as I have elsewhere said, since the old tissues are incessantly being replaced by new tissues, there is a repetition, not a cumulation, of effect. Every time fresh oil is poured on fresh burning coal, the same phenomenon presents itself; every time an eel is skinned he wriggles with ancestral vigor, and will not become "used to it;" in like manner, every time a fresh stimulus is applied to fresh nerve-tissue the original effect ensues. Change, incessant change, is the law of our being; fresh food renewing fresh tissue for fresh stimulants.

The basket is always wriggling with eels, but the eels are strangers, and can't get "used to the skinning." Those who rehearse the deadly effects of tobacco, and infer that small daily doses will, by accumulation, produce these effects, should never drink tea; since it is notorious that tea is poisonous, and not only produces paralysis when taken in large doses, but even in moderate doses causes tremblings, palpitations, and other distressing symptoms. Many persons cannot sleep at night after a cup of tea; and the men employed as tea-tasters are subject to headache, giddiness, and other evils; while those employed in unpacking tea-chests are very liable to paralysis. Hence it is clear that a cup of tea, taken twice daily, would, if the effects were cumulative, rapidly induce disease. But as the effects happen *not* to be cumulative, tea is drunk with impunity; so of cigars.

And now for the other physiological argument, based upon the indisputable truth, that all excitement is followed by a corresponding depression. It is inferred from this that the stimulus of tobacco, although for a time increasing the activity of the circulation, necessarily depresses it in the long run (an error), and hence the bloodless, ill-nourished organs of the habitual smoker (an absurd misstatement of the fact). Dealing with the asserted fact, before touching upon the inference, I refer to the reader's own experience of his tobacco-loving acquaintances to decide whether they are more bloodless and feeble than their non-smoking fellows, or I may refer to the experience of nations and classes. Hav-

ing this guide as to the matter of fact, we might disregard the physiological inference; but, as that inference is itself demonstrably erroneous, and the exposition of the error may not be without interest, we will pause awhile to consider it.

That excitement is followed by a corresponding depression is true, as was said before. But in what sense true? In the case of nervous excitation it means that, when a nerve has used up material in action, it needs a period of repose, during which the waste may be repaired. This period is one of depression; that is to say, having used some of its force, it has for a time less disposable force for action. But, in the case of the heart's action, which is continuous, and accompanied by continuous repair, any excitement above the normal rate is followed by a corresponding depression when the stimulus ceases; the depression, however, corresponds with the previous exaltation, it does not exceed it; that is to say, if, when the pulse is eighty, a stimulus raise it to a hundred, this excess of twenty will be followed by a corresponding depression of twenty on the cessation of the stimulus; and then, the normal rate being once more reached, no further depression takes place. This is evident *à priori*; for, otherwise, the excess of depression would be without a cause. It is evident in experiments on animals. It is evident in ordinary experience; for, inasmuch as the pulse is incessantly varying under changing stimuli, if each excess of activity were followed by a depression below the starting-point, there

would rapidly arrive a complete cessation of the heart's action, it would go deeper and deeper still, each revival being succeeded by a wider sweep of paralysis.

Having thus disposed of the most ordinary objection, I turn to one of great importance, if true, and less easily answered. Does tobacco, in moderation, injure the brain and other centres, producing paralysis, idiocy, loss of memory, and other maladies arrayed against it by various medical authorities? That it affects these organs is beyond dispute, since it stimulates them; but the point interesting to us is, whether the organs are injuriously affected. Medical writers of high position and large practice have declared emphatically that smoking does injure the brain; and no wise man will let such declarations pass unheeded, in spite of the exaggeration and fallacy which may often be detected in them. Let me say at once that I have myself no doubt whatever that smoking, in excess, or in exceptional cases, does produce the injuries attributed to it; as I have no doubt that alcohol in excess is even more injurious; but the argument from excess is an excess in argument.

M. Joly, in a memoir recently read at the Académie de Médecine of Paris, invokes statistics to prove that the increase in the consumption of tobacco is accompanied by a corresponding increase in the number of the insane. Thus, in 1842 the duty on tobacco produced 80,000,000 of francs, and the registered number of the insane was 15,000. In 1852 the duty amounted to 120,000,000, and the insane to 22,000. In 1862 the duty amounted

to 180,000,000, and the insane to 44,000. Appalled by such figures, he exclaims, "*Le jour que la France se mit à fumer on peut dire qu'elle commença à s'empoisonner!*" It is a slight objection to this array of figures that the number of the insane is greater among women, who do not smoke, than among men, who do.

M. Morel, referring to the enormous quantities of opium and tobacco now consumed, says that it is impossible not to give them a large place in the history of substances which act fatally on the nervous system,—an undeniable position, but equally applicable to alcohol. M. Sandras, admitting that the methods of using tobacco render it less dangerous than if nicotine were taken pure, thinks that, in a minor degree, the ill effects of narcotism are produced, and, when taken in excess, narcotism supervenes, and the cerebral functions are finally affected. The attention and the memory become weakened, and finally destroyed, the judgment is progressively altered, vague images and extravagant conceptions traverse the troubled mind, and the disease advances till it reaches the state of helpless stupidity. A good warning against excess, but inapplicable to moderation.

The famous oculist, M. Sichel, declares that excess very frequently leads to blindness, and he has specially treated the subject of the smoker's amaurosis. One case is worth citing. A man, aged forty, who had entirely lost his sight from excess of smoking, was completely cured by treatment combined with the entire cessation of this excess.

But, without citing authorities, it is enough to say that tobacco in excess acts as a narcotic—stupefying the brain—to say that the frequent repetitions of such stupefaction must at last alter the texture and consequently the functions of the brain, the disturbance of function in stupefaction being very different from a stimulus. We can therefore understand the very general suspicion which hovers over tobacco in the minds of medical men as the cause of those nervous affections which they cannot trace to some more apparent source. But medical suspicions of this kind are only valuable as hints for the direction of research; they are of little value as evidence. In the present case I think the suspicion very questionable, unless when referring to excess, because the experience of nations is against the notion of any injury to the brain. I go further, and dispute the common assumption that tobacco, in small doses, is a narcotic. The statement may startle, because tobacco has always been classed among the narcotics; but the paradox disappears when we reflect that differences in degree reach differences in kind, and that what is undeniable of large doses is no longer true of small doses. Nicotine is a narcotic; excess in smoking will produce narcotism. These facts are indisputable, but they do not imply that moderation in smoking must necessarily produce moderate narcotism, for it will not produce narcotism at all. The difference in degree becomes a difference in kind as great as when a difference in the degree of heat changes water into ice or into steam. There

may be but a slight difference in the weight which bends a steel spring and the weight which breaks it, yet what a complete disturbance of our mechanical devices would result from this difference being overlooked!

The question of quantity, which is here, as elsewhere, of such supreme significance, has been flagrantly disregarded by the antagonists of smoking.

Let us see to what conclusions such a disregard would lead us in other cases. Animal food is largely eaten, and, except by the small sect of vegetarians, is recognized as beneficial to the flesh-eaters; so that a teacher who should exert his eloquence in endeavoring to dissuade men from beef and mutton, because such substances contained a deadly poison, would be received with shouts of derision. Yet the fact is indisputable that animal flesh does contain poison, as an invariable constituent, just as tobacco does. This poison—the salts of potass—can be extracted and administered pure as nicotine can be extracted from tobacco. And, what is still more impressive, recent experiments have proved that the concentrated essence of flesh, when administered in small doses, increases the rapidity and force of the heart's action, but in larger doses acts like a poison, and paralyzes the heart.

The reader is requested to consider the striking parallelism between the effects of flesh-eating and tobacco-smoking, and the effects of the poisonous elements in both. Not only can we eat with benefit an amount of flesh which contains poison enough to destroy us if ad-

ministered in a concentrated form—as we can smoke with impunity an amount of tobacco which contains enough nicotine to poison a family—but the effects of meat-essence and of nicotine are singularly alike, the small dose stimulating and the larger dose paralyzing the heart. Nor does the resemblance end here. After the administration of meat-essence in small doses the pulse rapidly rises, and in the course of half an hour or more it again sinks to its normal rate. Let any smoker time his pulse before, during, and an hour after his cigar, and he will observe a similar rise and fall. When larger doses of meat-essence are given the animal rapidly becomes depressed and stupefied, precisely the effects observable after an overdose of tobacco. Still larger doses in both cases produce convulsions and death.

This example suffices to enforce the proposition that the effect of a poison depends on the amount of that poison which, at any given moment, is acting on the organism; and likewise to enforce the proposition that impunity in smoking results from those causes which prevent the amount of nicotine at any given moment from passing the limit which separates a stimulus from a disturbance, excitement from paralysis. Physiology is in a condition to give the rationale of this. That the Indians first kill wild animals with poisoned arrows, and then eat the poisoned flesh with safety, has long been known; that the poison may be injected directly into the stomach without perceptible injury, although a quarter of that amount would in a few minutes kill the

animal into whose veins it had been injected, was also known ; and these two facts seemed to point to some property of the mucous membrane of the stomach which prevented the poison being absorbed. But this conclusion proves to be inaccurate. The stomach is quite capable of absorbing the poison, but it absorbs it slowly compared with the rapidity of the process by which the poison is excreted ; and in consequence of this greater rapidity of excretion, although all the poison may be absorbed, yet at no one moment is there sufficient quantity in the blood to produce injury. "Spread out the thunder into its minutest tones," says Schiller, "and it becomes a lullaby for children." Spread out the deadliest poison in minute doses, and it becomes a medicine, as we know, from the daily use of strychnine, prussic acid, and other energetic poisons, in medical practice. Now when a poison is rapidly excreted by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, so that an accumulation in the blood is prevented, all injury is avoided, a succession of minute doses not being the same as one concentrated dose. But if from any cause the rapidity of excretion be arrested, an accumulation takes place, and thus a small dose comes to have the effect of a large dose. This is not hypothesis ; it has been proved by Hermann, of Berlin, who found that the dose of curare, which was quite innocuous when injected into the stomach of a rabbit, became almost immediately fatal if the vessels of the kidneys were tied, thus preventing the excretion from taking place through the kidneys. Hermann also found

—what, indeed, Brown-Séquard had long ago proved—that the dose of alcohol which was fatal to an animal when left exposed to the cold, passed away without serious effects when the animal was kept very warm, the heat accelerating and the cold retarding the excretion from the skin.

If, then, we understand that a poison which is absorbed in minute quantities is also excreted with sufficient rapidity to prevent there being at any given moment an accumulation in the blood, the effect of which would be excessive stimulus, large amounts of such poison may enter the system without toxic influence,—the thunder is spread out into its smallest tones. But now look at the other side. If the excretion from any cause be retarded, then an accumulation takes place which is injurious, and may be fatal.

The two results expressed in the preceding paragraph enable us to give a rational explanation of the seemingly contradictory evidence respecting tobacco. We shall best understand this by comparing the facts which prove immunity with the facts which prove injury. The massive evidence in favor of immunity only proves that smoking in moderation—and the majority of men are moderate—has no appreciably injurious effect. The evidence of particular cases, the pathological evidence supported by physiological experiment, proves that smoking when excessive produces serious evil. And in our next it will appear that excess is a term of fluctuating application, the amount which is moderation to one organism being excess to another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW ANALYTIC ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE, HUMAN AND COMPARATIVE. By CALVIN CUTTER, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1871.

We know of no American writer who has done more to popularize the science of medicine than Dr. Cutter. His book entitled "Outline Anatomy" has served as a text-book and popular manual ever since its publication, in 1849, and we are informed that its use in England and on the Continent has been as extensive as it has been here. This, his latest work, is an embodiment of the former treatise, improved and very much enlarged. Its chief merit lies in the popular, brief, and pleasing manner in which the principles and canons of the medical science are communicated. This most necessary of all the physical sciences is, strange to say, the least generally known. Those learned in theology, literature, the arts (both mechanical and liberal), are in comparative ignorance of the simplest laws of health and disease. Much of this arises from the singularly technical character of medical books and the supposed impracticability of studying them without the aid of experiment. The idea is, that to study medicine, a man must be first, a thorough Greek and Latin scholar, and next, he must attend clinic lectures and visit the hospitals. A druggist's prescription is a hieroglyph, and the doctor a man of mystery.

Dr. Cutter, and a few physicians like him, have happily lifted the veil which enshrouds the Æsculapian temple. In as untechnical language as the subject permits, he describes the anatomy, the physiology, and the hygiene of the human body. Whilst the first two are extremely interesting studies, the third, hygiene, is practically the most important, and, fortunately, Dr. Cutter's evident love of anatomical and physiological studies has not prevented him from devoting a full third part of his book to the

enunciation and illustration of the great laws on which the health of our body and mind depends. The reader may forget the philosophical reason on which the law is based, but the terse, vigorous, clear language in which the rule is expressed must imprint at least it on his memory.

We do not see why physiology should not form a distinct study in our colleges and schools. In point of interest, it rivals and indeed surpasses many studies, whilst, for practical benefit, it certainly excels them all. If students were taught the great laws which regulate the human body, the mournful instances of premature death from their noted disregard of the laws of exercise, food, sleep, mental labor, &c., would be lessened. We trust that the time is coming when physiology will claim and receive the same attention that is now devoted to arithmetic, history, and the languages.

The publishers deserve credit for the typographical and pictorial beauty of the book.

MOUNT BENEDICT; OR, THE VIOLATED TOMB. A Tale of the Charlestown Convent. By PETER MCCORRY. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo.

The aim of the author of this admirably written story is to expose the ruffianly bigotry shown in the desecration of a house consecrated to God, and in the brutality practiced upon gentle, holy women, devoted to the service of God and the good of their neighbor. The story turns upon the destruction of the Convent of Mount Benedict, Charlestown, in the year 1834, by an infuriated mob, encouraged and led on by the teachings and preachings of ignorant men calling themselves ministers of the Gospel. Happily the day when such fanaticism was rife is passed, but it is well for us younger Catholics to know the persecutions and insults which our fathers endured, even in this free land, for conscience' sake.

Interwoven with the general fact of the burning of the convent are incidents of interest, pictures of religion and virtue, and excellent delineations of several noble Catholic characters.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA: Containing the First Principles of the Science, &c. By EDWARD BROOKS, A.M. Philadelphia: Sower, Barnes & Co.

The general features of this ably composed and arranged treatise that are deserving of special notice are its method and matter. The method followed by the author is the simplification of algebra, without impairing logical completeness. The transition from the simple problems to the more complex is so gradual, that what is more complicated and difficult is made simple and easy. We are pleased with the natural analytic method which the author happily blends with the elegance and exactness of the geometric plan of demonstration. The development of the properties of the incomplete quadratic equation is, as far as we know, wanting in every other algebra in the language.

The matter of the book is not so much a mere collection of problems as the development, by means of apt illustrations, of the principles of algebra. After all, it is not readiness in working out a great number of problems, which is the real test of algebraic skill, but the understanding and the applying of the great leading principles which underlie the science.

We would call special attention to the typography of the work, and the introduction of the small symbols for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. This is a feature which, while found in the best English works on algebra, is not contained in the other algebras in use in this country. We earnestly commend to the attention of our Catholic teachers and heads of educational institutions the examination of this excellent manual.

MITCHELL'S NEW SERIES GEOGRAPHIES. Philadelphia; E. H. Butler & Co.

Probably in no branch of literature have the enemies of the Church been so

effectively engaged against her as in that of the education of our children.

Than the preparation and circulation of school books, indeed, no better field could have been selected for the accomplishment of their purposes. By imparting to the young a false knowledge founded on distorted and prejudiced statement, the modern school book is an instrument in the hands of our opponents, by which they seek to nip the faith of our children in the bud, and thus make them easy victims to the religious errors of the day.

Hence when we see an educational work free from these objections, and at the same time accurate and otherwise excellent, it becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to commend it to the favor of those in charge of our schools and colleges. Mitchell's Geographies (a new series of which has recently been issued) have long since been remarkable for their completeness, general accuracy, and beauty of appearance, and by their impartiality and freedom from religious prejudice, they have gained the confidence of Catholic parents and teachers as a safe instructor in this most important branch of education.

The new series, we are informed, is being largely introduced into the Catholic colleges and academies of the country. We hope that this liberal patronage will encourage the publishers to persevere in the impartial course they have thus far pursued in all their school books.

BALMES'S PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICITY COMPARED IN THEIR EFFECTS ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

We have received from the publishers the latest edition of this admirable work. It is such books as Balmes's that we need most in our warfare against Protestantism, for the ruin which it has brought on true progress and civilization strikes most minds more forcibly than the desolation which it has carried into the religious world.

WARREN'S GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES; comprising a Primary, a Common School, and a Physical Geography. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co. 1871.

This series is remarkable for the exquisite finish and beauty of its maps and

illustrations, and for the comprehensive-ness and general accuracy of its definitions and descriptions. The blending of descriptive geography with the atlas dispenses with the necessity of separate books. The Physical Geography, in particular, is richly deserving of the praise and patronage it has received. In his series, the author studiously avoids commenting at length on the religious condition of different peoples, and this is wise, for religious criticism does not belong to the province of the geographer. We might object to the vagueness of the note on the political condition of Italy, but as the Pope is not included in the list of "tyrannical rulers," we let it pass. Taken as a whole, this geographical series is most complete and satisfactory, and the publishers are entitled to praise for the admirable style in which they have gotten it out.

DIXON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This standard work comes to us in new and excellent dress. The latest edition is embellished with several new maps and valuable notes. As a treatise on hermeneutics and biblical antiquities, Dixon is well known in theological literature. His rather inelegant style detracts nothing from the intrinsic worth of his book.

EARLE'S MANUAL OF THE LIVES OF THE POPES. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This trustworthy little book has acquired additional value by the extremely interesting sketch of Pius IX. and his times, which is added to this the last edition. At a time when everything connected with the life of the Popes awakens attention, and when the enemies of the Church are particularly active in falsifying her history, Catholics should avail themselves of Earle's Manual, in which they will find briefly and neatly described all the principal events in the lives of the Popes, and, as every one knows, the history of the Popes is the history of the Church.

BURKE'S ABRIDGMENT OF LINGARD'S ENGLAND. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1871.

As Lingard is, in the judgment of Hallam, the fairest and most conscientious of English historians, so Burke's abridgment of his great work is the most comprehensive and satisfactory of all the compendiums that have been made of his history. We are pleased with the continuation of the narrative down to the present day, and with the valuable chronological tables annexed.

THE HOLY EXERCISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. From the French. By T. F. VAUBERT. 16mo. Fox, St. Louis.

This excellent little treatise on a practice so holy and so beneficial as that of the recollection of the divine omnipresence, is a beautiful translation and selection of reflections, examples, and practices to be found in the works of several eminent French divines. We do not see how any Christian, after reading it, can fail to be impressed with the duty which it inculcates—that of realizing the great truth, that "in God we live, and move, and are." The opening chapters treat of the doctrinal side of the subject, and explain the three ways in which God is present, by his essence, his presence, and his power. The second part is devoted to the practice and explanation of the devotion.

HYMNS AND HARMONIES FOR CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND HOMES. Compiled by J. F. LOUGHLIN. Boston: Donahoe. 1871.

We are surprised that the publisher of this comprehensive collection of hymns set to music, can afford to sell it for a mere trifle. We have seen books of the same size, not half so well printed, nor with its variety of contents, sold for triple its price. We hope that Catholic families and schools, by their generous purchase, will encourage the publisher and compiler in their laudable efforts to supply them with good music.

